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THE SPHERE, MAY 6, 1939
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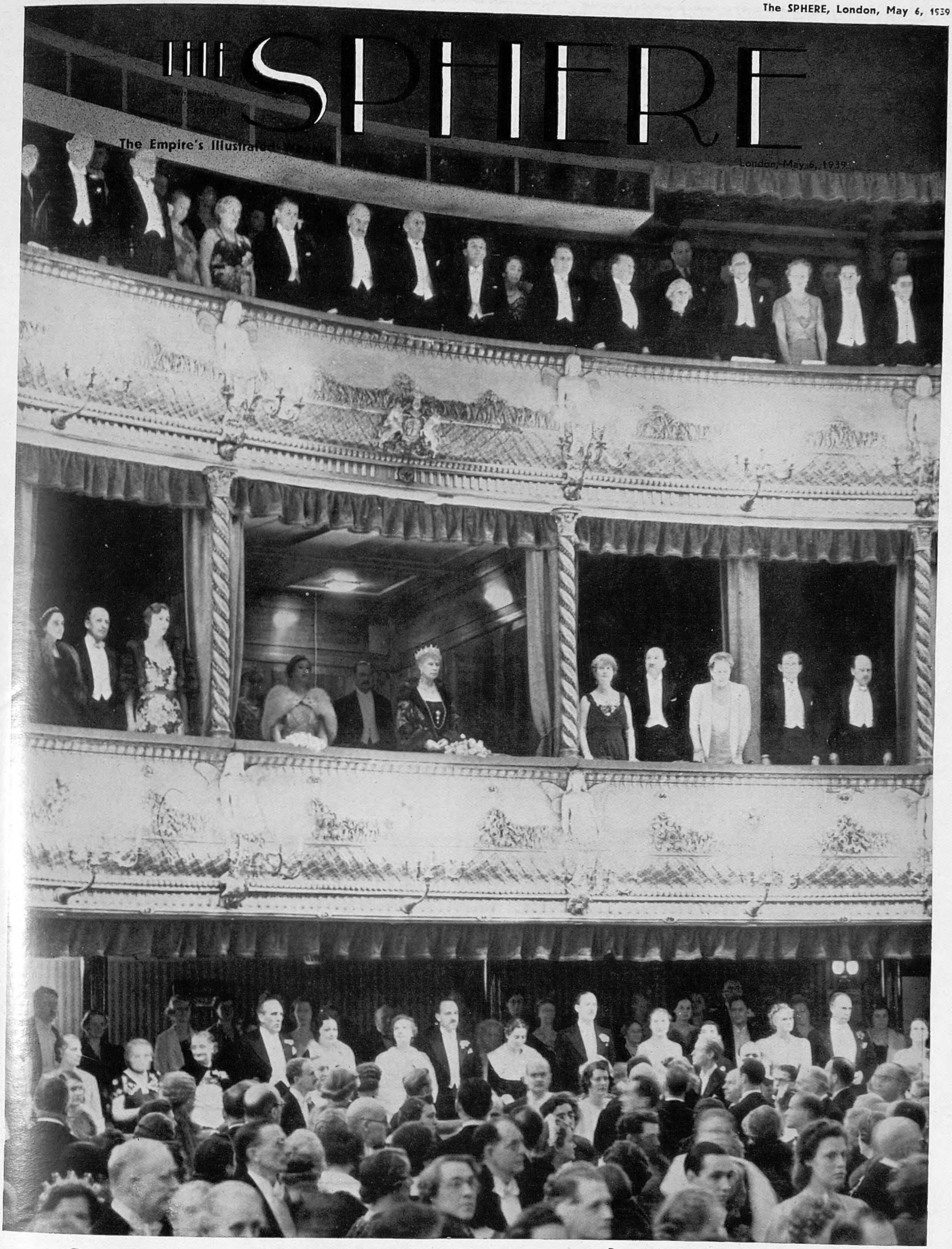
Via HARWICH (**ANTWERP** Nightly except Sundays) (**ZEEBRUGGE** 30th June to 9th Sept.)

The SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 6, 1939



START OF THE LONDON SEASON

Queen Mary and the Princess Royal Attend The Operatic Opening at Covent Garden

Despite the fact that clouds of political doubt were still hovering on the European horizon, that 60 tons of rain were falling on London during a continuous downpour, and that the King and Queen were on the verge of departing for their Canadian tour, the London social season opened in characteristic fashion on May 1, when Smetana's comedy opera, *Die Verkaufte Braut*, was enacted before Queen Mary and a distinguished audience at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. It was in all respects a brilliant occasion, and there was loud applause for Herr Tauber for his excellent and boyish performance as Hans. Many commented favourably on the sensible position of the new Royal box in the centre of the grand circle. It is so obviously the right place for a Royal box that it is surprising that the old position at the side should have been so long retained

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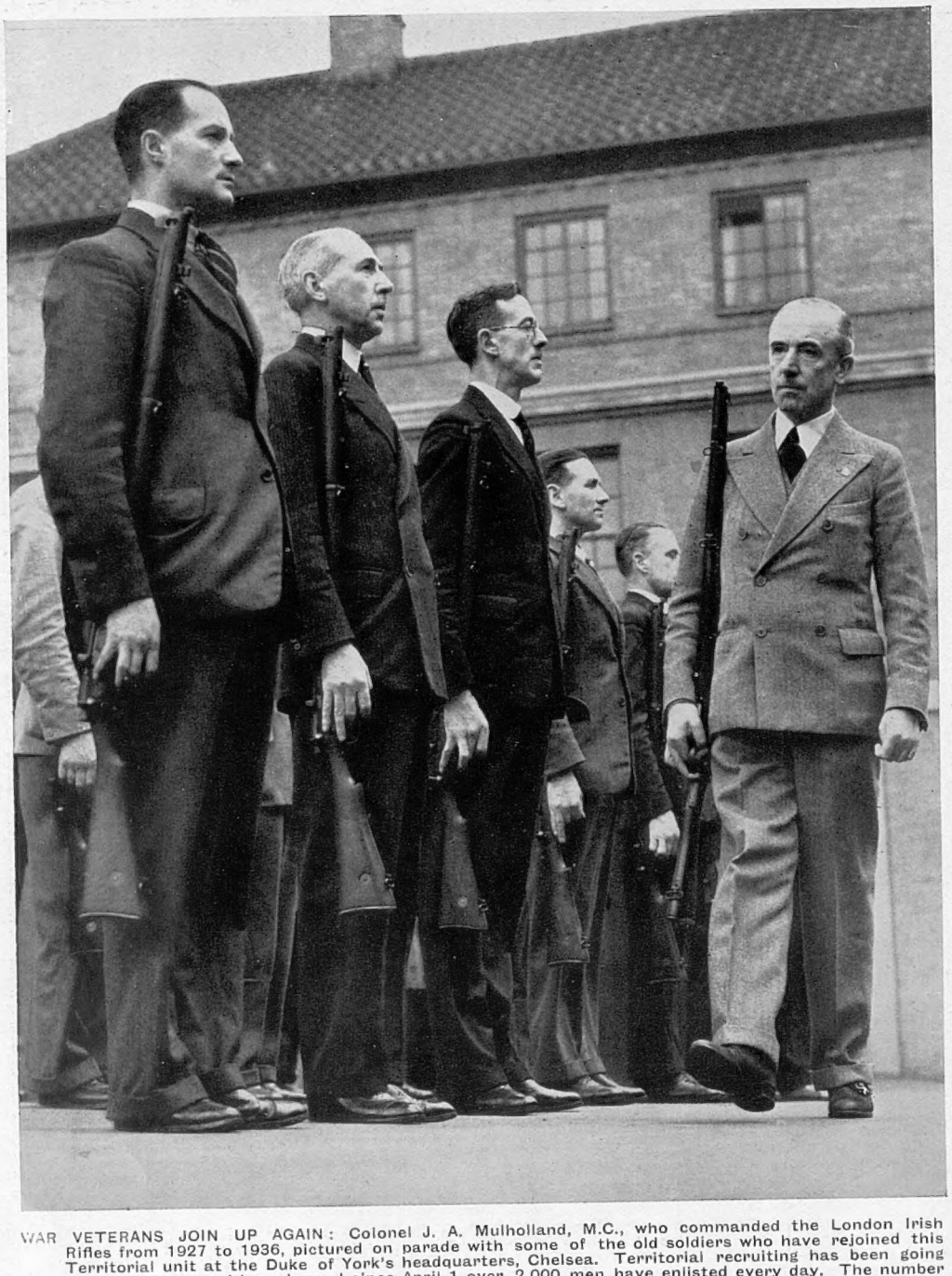


WAR VETERANS JOIN UP AGAIN: Colonel J. A. Mulholland, M.C., who commanded the London Irish Rifles from 1927 to 1936, pictured on parade with some of the old soldiers who have rejoined this Territorial unit at the Duke of York's headquarters, Chelsea. Territorial recruiting has been going ahead by leaps and bounds, and since April 1 over 2,000 men have enlisted every day. The number of attestations for the first three weeks of April—approximately 40,000—was actually greater than the number for the whole of 1936, which was regarded as a distinctly satisfactory recruiting year

A GREAT DAY FOR POMPEY: Guthrie, the Portsmouth captain, holds the F.A. Cup as he is borne shoulder-high by his colleagues after their decisive 4—1 victory over Wolverhampton Wanderers in the Cup Final at Wembley last Saturday. The match was played in the presence of nearly 100,000 spectators, including the King and Queen, who saw first-rate football from start to finish. The Wolves were expected to win with ease, but Portsmouth rose to the occasion in astonishing fashion, dominating every department of the game. London was packed from dawn to midnight with hosts of visitors from the midlands and the south

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, May 3, 1939.

GOD - SPEED.—It is many months since the announcement of the projected tour of Their Majesties to Canada and America was hailed as an event of first-rate importance. There have in our times been many famous Empire tours made by the Royal Family, and an extensive literature grew up round each of them. There was the *Serapis* tour to India by the Prince of Wales in the mid-Victorian era. Then there was the famous *Ophir* tour to Australasia and Canada made by the Duke of Cornwall and York soon after Queen Victoria's death. A dozen books were written about it. Not to mention the Durbar and more modern tours by King George V and by the Duke of Windsor. The importance of such official Royal visits was never underestimated in the Empire. To none has so high a significance been attached as to the coming visit to Canada and the States; none was ever begun in times so critical. The advisability of cancellation has been of course much discussed, and the wisdom of earmarking the *Repulse*, a warship of peculiar value in war to-day, was long questioned. The change over to a liner—*The Empress of Australia*—was made at the last minute and no very elaborate preparations aboard her could be undertaken. This uncertainty has borne hardly on Their Majesties on whose shoulders an immense burden of work will now fall for several weeks. What are the fruits to be looked for from their visits? The oldest Dominion is to see in the flesh the symbol of Empire. The sole legal bond (as Lord Baldwin, who has been preparing the way before them, put it) which now binds the Empire is allegiance to the same Crown. The King of England is the King of Canada. He is the King of each one of a league of free, democratic states. Canada is to see for itself the great personal qualities which that symbol possesses, and must always possess if the link is not to snap in times of stress. Since in our history we began to think in terms of Empire we have been lucky in our sovereigns and their consorts. They suited the times in which they reigned. A Queen Victoria, a King Edward VII, would not do to-day. They were great sovereigns of their days, and so acclaimed "this side idolatry" at their deaths. From 1911 to the present day we have lived in times of increasing and unparalleled danger. Dangerous times "throw up" great men and women in still vigorous nations. Nothing has been more happy than the response to danger in this respect of the Royal House. In our gravest crises we have had the moral leadership of two great kings and two great queens, who have set duty and service before all, whose lives have been a bright example of high ideals, simplicity, dignity, duty, service, kindliness, and sympathy. A great Dominion is now to learn by personal contacts what we in England know beyond doubt. The visit to the States is a short one. Let there be no mistake. If the King and Queen are "Royal Ambassadors," they do not visit America as "diplomats." There is no "Machiavellian" purpose in their friendly visit across the frontier. It would be odd if, being in Canada, they paid no call on that great neighbour and friend of Canada, which speaks our tongue and through thick and thin upholds the same ideals of freedom as we. America's Ambassador at St. James's has had a chance to learn at first hand what are the peculiar qualities of the King and Queen, and, if Mr. Kennedy is a typical American, the impression they will leave on America after only five days is not in doubt, any more than is the value which will come of their visit in the way of friendly understanding. America will see that democracy can be equally effective in a republic and in a monarchy. If those United States do not fall for our King and Queen (not to add their admirably efficient and attractive staff) I will eat my pen which is already nibbled. We wish Their Majesties God - speed and a happy return, bringing their sheaves with them. May they return in peace, with the harvest of peace.

"BOS LOCUTUS EST."—Hitler has spoken—in his own way. It is not a pleasant way, but it suits the manners, and notions, and temper of a not clearly-known proportion of the nation he leads. Whither he is leading it, he probably does not know himself. Why should he? He is not a God, but a man with most of the frailties of men like you and me. Moreover, he is, which we are not, a dictator, playing with stakes beyond his power to count; a Frankenstein manipulating a juggernaut which is perhaps even now beyond his control. In his last utterance he has shown two things clearly. He has shown his personal anxiety and his personal quality. His anxiety is great; his quality is not of the first class. He is, as we feared, lacking in that "noble imagination," that greatness of soul which Napoleon also lacked. Like Napoleon, he had the world at his feet to make or mar, and he stumbled over it and boggled the noblest chance ever man had to save humanity and to set himself in the very central shrine of humanity's Valhalla. He is just one more dictator, with all a dictator's personal vanities and terrors. He dare not stop, and yet hesitates to charge. Cheap, verbal scores are not statesmanship, and rebutters on our side are neither dignified nor helpful. *Habet foenum in cornu.* There is nothing very new about him or his latest bellow; and oh! how tiresome and boring were the long repetitions of grievances and self-justification. There was no answer at all to the President; it is too soon to discover whether the speech contained anything sufficiently constructive and reasonable to justify immediate further steps in the diplomatic approach to saner relations. Meanwhile the mad race proceeds and is intensified.

DIPLOMACY.—Dignity has long been wanting from international diplomacy, which is very active just now "in the chancelleries of Europe." Time is important and the scramble for partners, if inevitable, is unedifying. It is all rather like a private school "blow up" during a term in which bullying has become a scandal. See the school bully hard at work among the small boys whose arms he has twisted so long. With his notched cane behind his back, he asked each in turn: "Am I a bully? Do you go about in fear of me? Quick, yes or no!" The good, colourless boys of the sixth form are canvassing also among the small fry. "Will you join us and make a stand against him if he tries it on again?" And the small boys hesitate and stand now on one foot and now on another. All admit privately

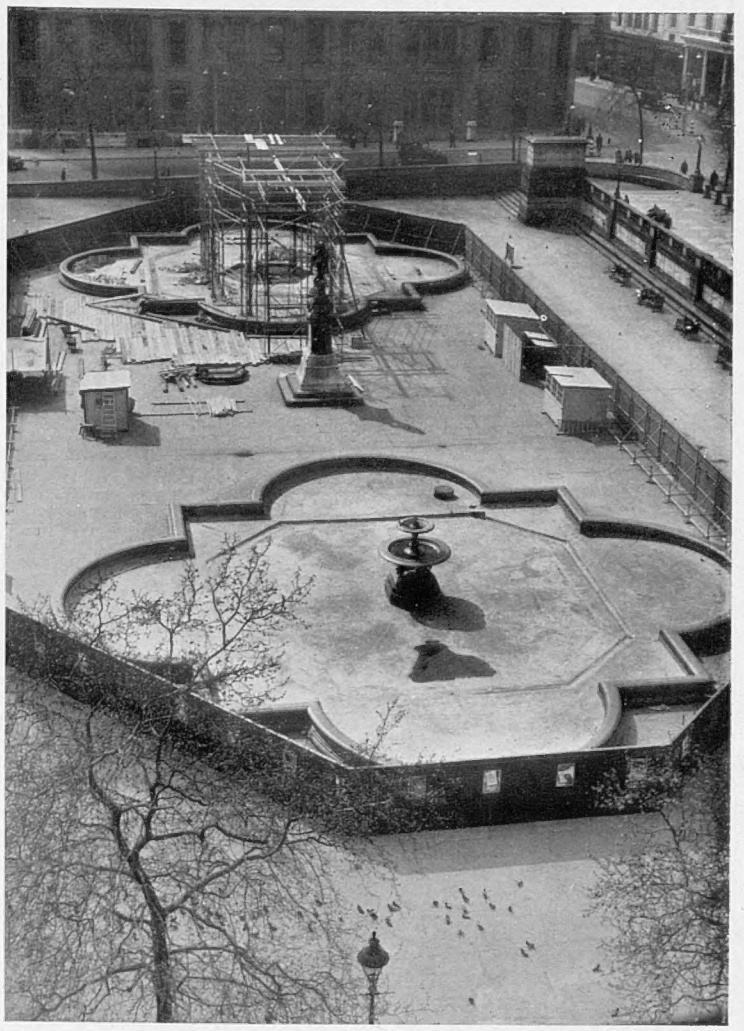
that the Slasher's a terror. But one says: "I daren't join your league. You see, I'm in Slasher's dormitory and he'd give me hell!" And another: "Yes, but Slasher's promised to give me back my catty if I join his league." And a third: "Slasher said he'd hoof my bottom if I join your league." And a commercially minded new boy: "Well, if I join your league will you let me off fagging for Smith major?" And some have to consult their "majors," some have written home, and one or two are known to have sneaked to the head and to have a foot in either camp. It is first and last a question of expediency, and self-protection, not to say self-interest, a word less consonant with the crusading spirit.

THE BURDEN ON CAR OWNERS.—A 14-h.p. light car costs about £240. The poor man finds it economical to replace it after two years, when its replacement value is about £130. To run it 10,000 miles a year costs him about £70. To insure it costs him about £15. Next year his tax will amount to £17 10s. To keep a bare necessity of transport to-day (the "pony and trap" of last century) costs the country dweller, who cannot choose but have a car, the whole interest which he may hope to derive from a capital of more than £3,000. It is a startling figure, not exaggerated.

BISHOP OF LONDON.—Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Chester, has been nominated to succeed Dr. Winnington Ingram in the see which he has held from the beginning of this century. Dr. Fisher is still young. He is fifty two. But his predecessor was younger by nearly ten years when appointed—a rather interesting fact, because it is our idea that the appointment of younger men to high positions is a modern policy. The new Bishop of London has a "name to swear by" in the Church, comes of clerical stock and is assuredly a "name sworn by" at Repton. He was himself headmaster of Repton for eighteen years and he married the granddaughter of a former head of Repton. He was educated at Marlborough and Exeter, rowed in trials and was a good rugby football player. A scholar of course, and a first class man in mods., greats and theology. He has a large family of sons, and the palace at Fulham will, if he can live in it, be much less of an incubus than it was for his bachelor predecessor. It was built for family life, and the garden, still large, will be a paradise for grandchildren.

LORD LOTHIAN.—Lord Lothian, at the age of fifty-seven, succeeds Sir Ronald Lindsay as our Ambassador at Washington. As Mr. Philip Kerr he was of the Milner kindergarten and perhaps its brightest jewel, certainly one of the most attractive of those young men who helped to diffuse that influence, engendered under an African sun, into every sphere of activity in our Empire. These Knights of the Round Table are a legend now and were always a portent. They were all young men of the utmost promise. Oddly enough, the majority have gone far. A Roman Catholic Liberal peer, unmarried, Lord Lothian might well have been judged, twenty years back, the last man for the job. Not, of course, from the point of ability, but of temperament. Few men appear (at least to mere acquaintances) to have changed so completely in outward character as he. He has been much behind the scenes. Everyone connects his name with Ll. G. and the Versailles Treaty. He has blazed his own trail across the Empire and the international field. He attempted to solve the problem of India. America he knows well and as secretary of the Rhodes Trust he has often expressed his firm faith in the mission of salvation which belongs to all English-speaking countries. His activities have been often criticised and sometimes suspect. His speeches rarely. His suavity has never been ruffled.

CRICKET?—I view with some apprehension the approach of the county cricket season. I love cricket and abhor the madness of war and the boredom of war preparations. But somehow, just now, county cricket (on the usual scale) in England seems a little out of place. All those healthy, bronzed athletic men, all those smooth, green lungs, so well adapted for balloon-barrage training, for drilling, for trenches; those broadcasts of closing scores. . . . Will it quite do? Some junker poet may coin a phrase which will live beyond its day, such as "flannelled fools." We very soon dropped the idea in 1914 that "Business as usual" was a brave, wise slogan. Business is not as usual. I love cricket too well to wish for its ill-considered suicide. We should play it discreetly, nurse it on village greens this year, when the sterner business of the day is done. I think 40 per cent. of county cricketers to-day must wilt at the prospect of compulsory play ahead of them, and will have little heart for the game while this black cloud lies over the ground. Perhaps they will "appeal against the light." I think they should.



CHANGES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: The camera looks over the scaffolding and sees the progress of the work of modifying the fountains. The idea is to utilise the site further by erecting monuments to Beatty and Jellicoe, thus adding to the naval significance of the square

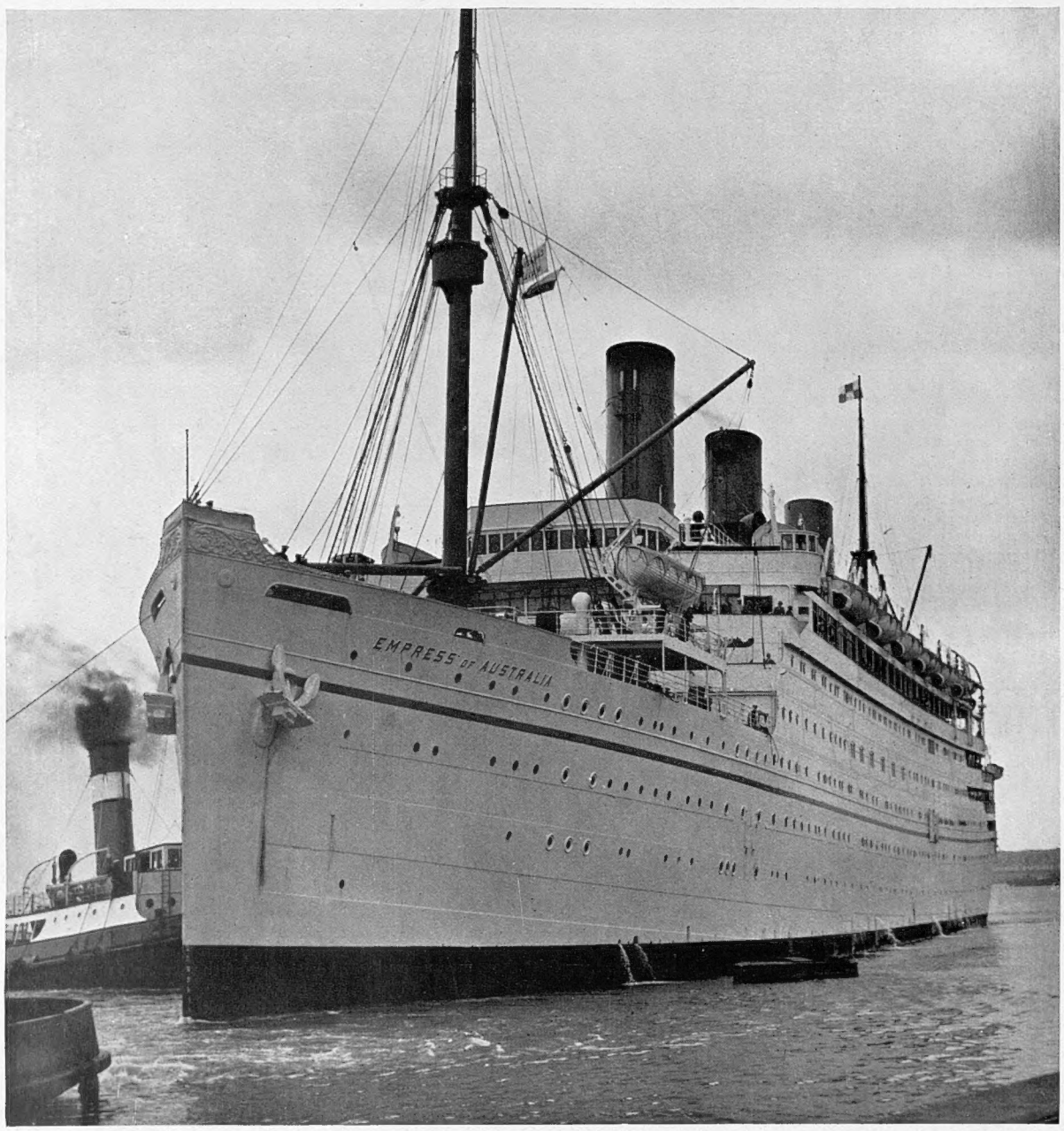
THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.—Of the mean and futile weapons employed by people who, not possessing the ability to express their views in print, yet longing for the means of self expression, the rude letter to the Press, ridiculing an alleged mistake, is one of the most tiresome. When that letter is anonymous, its futility is increased and its meanness becomes beastliness. And when that anonymous letter ridicules as a mistake a statement which is strictly true, then there are no words of criticism of the writer's mentality which meet the case. Such a letter came last week to the Editor of THE SPHERE, ridiculing the statement that the German naval squadron passed through the Straits of Dover and declaring that every vessel went round the north coast of Scotland. Ergo, there are no adequate words of reprobation for this anonymous nuisance.

THE OLD STAGER

LORD BIRDWOOD OF ANZAC TAKES THE SALUTE as Old Comrades march past him near the Cavalry Memorial, Hyde Park, where a short ceremony took place last Sunday. Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, now one of the few surviving great war leaders of eminence, was born seventy-four years ago and saw his first service in the Bengal Lancers on the North-west Frontier of India. In the South African War he served on the staff, being severely wounded, and in 1914 was selected to command the Australian troops, which he led in Egypt and at Gallipoli. His plan for the evacuation of Gallipoli was a masterly effort, being carried out with a secrecy that resulted in the saving of countless lives

THE ROYAL TOUR SHIP:

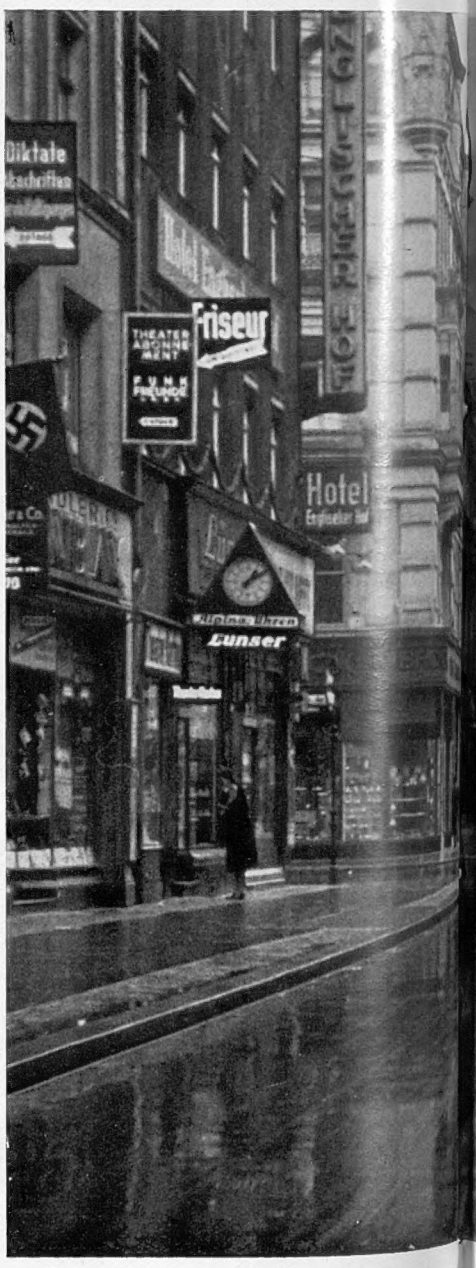
The "Empress of Australia" Chosen to Replace the "Repulse" for the King's Journey Across the Atlantic



AN HONOUR FOR THE C.P.R.: The 21,850-ton liner *Empress of Australia*, in which it was arranged at the eleventh hour that the King and Queen should set out for Canada this Saturday instead of in the warship *Repulse*. It was felt that the *Repulse* should at this juncture remain on the European scene. The Royal tour, as at present arranged, will take Their Majesties right across the breadth of Canada, to be followed by a four to five day visit to the U.S.A. The return journey starts in mid-June. *Below*—Stewards polishing the table in the dining-room of the Royal suite on board the *Empress of Australia*. The liner was handed over by Germany under war reparations

SILENCE FOR THE

HERR HITLER ADDRESSES HIS FAITHFUL REICHSTAG: The Führer making an expressive gesture during his speech on April 28 when, in reply to President Roosevelt's peace appeal, he denounced the ten-year pact of non-aggression with Poland, signed in January,



FÜHRER: The German Chancellor Speaks to a Hushed Germany and Replies to the Roosevelt Peace Appeal

1934, and the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of June, 1935. The speech, like most of his Reichstag speeches in the past, was heard by 99 per cent. of German citizens, and while the Chancellor was talking the streets of Berlin, *as depicted below*, wore an air of almost complete desertion. Much of what he said was the now familiar recapitulation of Germany's fight to regain her position. There were one or two sly digs at the U.S.

EUROPEAN ROUND: Foreign Ministers Tour the Capitals for Vital Political Discussions

FRANCO-RUMANIAN TALKS: M. Daladier, M. Tataresco, Rumanian Ambassador in Paris, and M. Gafencu, Rumanian Foreign Minister, pictured as they dined together at the Rumanian Embassy in Paris during M. Gafencu's visit. Previously M. Gafencu had visited London and Berlin, and in all three capitals he helped to clarify Rumania's position. In so far as Russo-Rumanian relations were concerned it is believed that he reiterated his Government's desire to avoid any formal bond with Moscow which might be construed as "provocation" in Berlin. On May 1 M. Gafencu was in Rome

THE HUNGARIANS IN GERMANY: Count Teleki, the Hungarian Prime Minister, signs the Golden Book in Berlin Town Hall, while Count Csaky (left centre), the Hungarian Foreign Minister, looks on. The visiting statesmen had long talks with Hitler and von Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, and the Press devoted much space to emphasising the solidarity of German-Hungarian relations

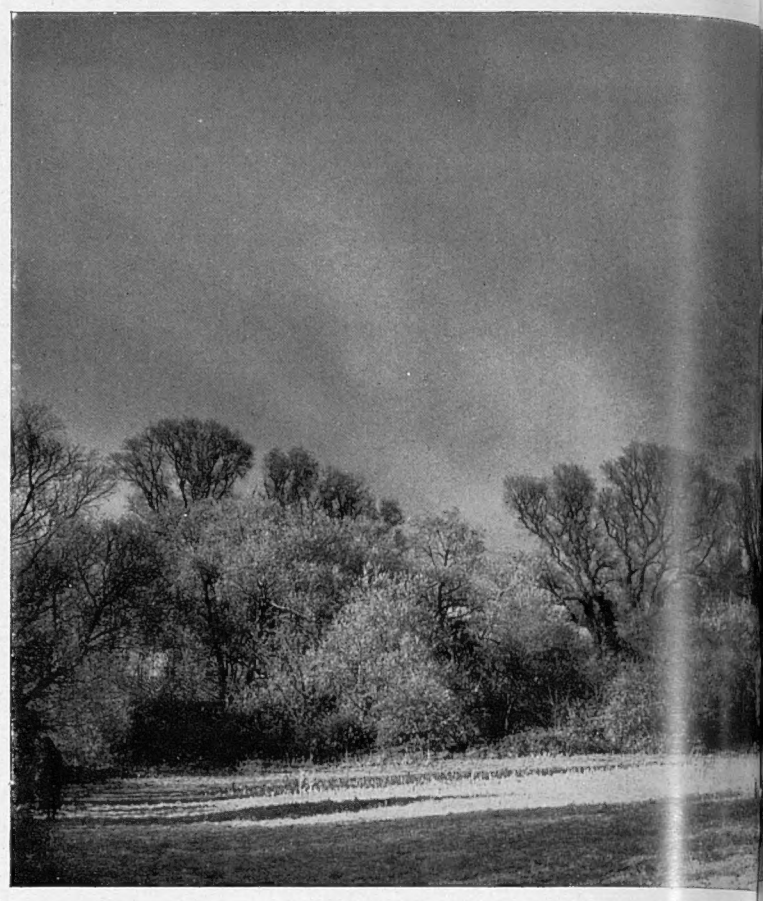
HE STOOD HIS GROUND: M. Markovitch, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, inspecting a guard of honour after placing a wreath on the tomb of the unknown warrior in Unter den Linden during his visit to Berlin. Although the German Press expressed great satisfaction at the result of M. Markovitch's visit, it made no attempt to assess those results, and it soon became apparent that the visitor had avoided any definite commitments in the political sphere, though making certain trade concessions

A PERCY WEDS . . .

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Lady Diana Percy, younger daughter of the late Duke of Northumberland, seen as she left her home in Princes Gate, Kensington, for her marriage in Westminster Abbey to Viscount Brackley, only son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. Standing on the right are two of Lady Diana's neighbours, Eunice and Bobby Kennedy, children of the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's

WESTMINSTER'S ACCUSTOMED SATURDAY AFTERNOON CALM was disturbed by the eager throng that gathered outside the Abbey to watch Viscount Brackley and his bride emerge after their wedding. Both the Egertons and Percys are rather extensive families and as a result there were no fewer than two thousand guests. *Below*—Some of the bridal attendants in their semi-crinoline dresses of white gauze

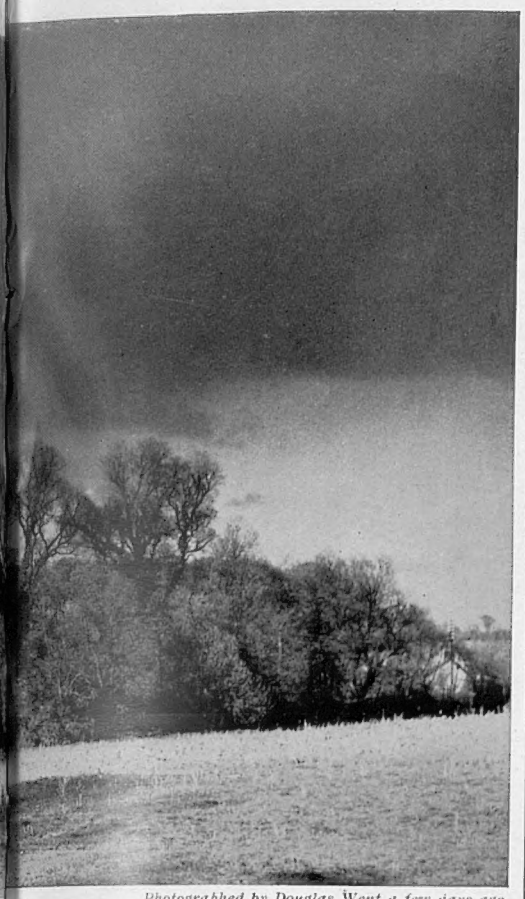
THE WEATHER IN



THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY: Sunshine amid the heavily-laden storm clouds. A typical scene in the Essex lowlands during these past ten days of uncertain weather. In London last week-end rain was almost continuous from Saturday afternoon

"WHEN SPRINGTIME TOSSES BOUNTY": A magnificent array of blossom in a Kentish orchard, near Canterbury, where the rich fullness of the blossom gives promise of a fine fruit crop

THE NEWS . .



Photographed by Douglas Went a few days ago

up to a late hour on Sunday night, and by 6 p.m. on Sunday ·55 ins. had actually fallen at Kensington. By contrast there was brilliant weather in Scotland and it was reported that people were actually bathing

when autumn comes along. The West Country can also boast a good display this year and the famous vale of Evesham has never looked more beautiful

BOMBERS IN ABUNDANCE . . .

THE DUKE OF KENT SEES BLENHEIM BOMBERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION: His Royal Highness pictured during his tour of Rootes Government Airframe Factory at Speke, near Liverpool. The progress of our aerial rearmament is considered most satisfactory, while R.A.F. recruiting is on a scale that would have been deemed phenomenal a few months ago. The daily average for inquiries at the Air Ministry Information Bureau has been 2,500

SPEARHEAD PLANES OF THE R.A.F.: A general view of the big hangar at Radlett, Hertfordshire, scene of the final stages of the assembly of Handley Page Hampden medium bombers. These machines, the initial work on which is done at Cricklewood, have a top speed of 265 m.p.h. and can carry a service load of 3,587 lb. a distance of 1,990 miles, while for short raids the service load may amount to 6,587 lb. The march of the pieces down the long shop at Cricklewood, uniting and reuniting as they go until the 30,000 components have come together into the four main parts, occupies just over a week. At Radlett the fuselage, the tail unit, and the wings are assembled

IN ZAGREB NOW:

Feeling in the Croatian Capital and Its Bearing on Axis Policy and Yugoslavia's Future

ZAGREB, May 1

EIGHT hours after leaving Trieste the Simplon express draws in to Zagreb. Zagreb is the capital of Croatia, and the second town of Yugoslavia. Since the war brought independence to these former Austria-Hungarian provinces, Zagreb has been notable chiefly for its rapid industrial growth and for being the centre of Croat aspirations towards a state of their own which would be independent of the rest of Yugoslavia.

Only a year ago the Croats were agitating for their independence, for a form of federal autonomy which would give them the full administration of their own affairs, in a holiday spirit all their own. Travellers down the Dalmatian coast would be surprised (and a little troubled) by the eruption into that idyllic scenery of indignant politicians declaiming against Belgrade and the Serbs: happy assemblies of fishermen would pause on their way to applaud these fire-and-brimstone speeches.

Then Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia and followed this six months later by swallowing the whole of Bohemia. The Balkan States saw what their fate would be if they remained divided amongst themselves. They began to prepare. In Rumania, for instance, a national unity party was formed, to which all may, and many must, belong. In Yugoslavia the pro-German Stoyadinovitch was thrown out of office and feverish negotiations begun for a settlement, before it should be too late, between the Serbs and the Croats. Those negotiations reached a decisive point this week.

Zagreb to-day is a town where nervous tension is high and feelings fluctuate between indifference and despair.

The trains arriving and departing are full of tough peasant soldiers in the grey-green Yugoslav uniforms. Platoons of newly-called conscripts march singing through the streets carrying their luggage, which usually consists of a single wooden box, upon their shoulders, still wearing their own faded clothes. Bystanders help to sing them on their way. Along the boulevards of this westward-looking Slavonic town (Prague, too, was westward-looking) the crowds wander and discuss the news. In the cafés they read Europe's newspapers, yesterday's German press, yesterday's French press, the press of their Balkan neighbours, an odd and long out-dated copy of *The Times* (for people in these parts are rare linguists) turned up from the wicker-backed files like a staid aristocrat among the bourgeois rabble; and with every rumour which contradicts the rumour which went before it feelings mercurially change.

By B. R. DAVIDSON

The week-end provided an orgy of speculation on President Roosevelt's letter, which was generally approved, and the Germans who are trying so mightily to put across their propaganda will have to think out something better than the usual hysterics if they want to convince the Croats (who are a peasant people and think shrewdly) that Germany is their true friend.

"If I were the British," someone said, "I'd sink the German fleet as soon as it tried to enter the Mediterranean." War was coming in any case; this week, next week, in six months' time. "Just a matter of a few days," said someone else, "you'd better get out of Zagreb before it happens."

On Monday last five classes were called up. Everyone responded. And in Croatia one of the main reasons why they responded was the very important fact that Dr. Matchek, leader of the Croat People's Party and the strongest man in Croatia, had supported the mobilisation order.

Those who are uninformed and can get their information only from newspapers (which they read with astonishing zeal) have the worst time of it. Within the frontiers of Yugoslavia the Croats are now nearer to self-government than they have ever been before; and, as a young Croat expressed it to me, "the most terrible thing is that Croatia will now be split up into four pieces between the Germans, Italians, Hungarians, and Serbs. Then we shall never again be united." They fear the ruination of all their hopes, and a tragic end to twenty years of preparation.

The well-informed are less pessimistic. They see, on the one hand, that Croatia is the one point in Europe where German and Italian interests severely clash, and on this they build a hope that the dictators may agree to restrain their protective emotions where Croatia is concerned. On the other hand, they see in the present situation an invaluable means of persuading the Yugoslav Government (in Croatia, "the Serbs") that the fulfilment of oft-made promises must no longer be delayed. Either Zagreb must become capital of a federal Croatia linked to the central government in Belgrade only by a king, a foreign policy, and defence forces; or, alternatively, Zagreb will remain the focal point of a discontented minority; a standing invitation to the dictators to come in and "put things right."

The people in the cafés may fear an immediate catastrophe. But meanwhile, in the offices of *Hrvatski Dnevnik*, which is the newspaper of Dr. Matchek, they are keeping as calm as poker players. They are not yet sure how strong their hand will prove to be. In his office on the second floor of the building in Frankopanské Ulica, Dr. August Kosutich, former mechanical engineer and now director of Dr. Matchek's newspaper, deals with visitors in terms of irony and exhortation. He is not giving anything away. "Croatia existed before Yugoslavia—and Croatia will exist after Yugoslavia has disappeared," is his way of looking at things.

No man in his senses could help liking Dr. August Kosutich. For he possesses not only a reputation for courage and fair-dealing but also that quality most rare in political fanatics—a sense of humour. With his broad smile goes a gift for forceful expression: "Don't come here and write about the awful tragedy of the Croats—the Croats at the moment are struggling for their liberties." I asked him if a temporary solution of Serbo-Croat difficulties would not be possible in the present international situation. "Certainly not," was his reply, "for as soon as the danger is past, the Serbs (i.e. the Yugoslavian Government) might change their minds."

I asked him, finally, if the Croats were not better off as they were than under Germany or Italy, whether they would fight for Yugoslavia if it came to a pinch, whether they did not fear to suffer the fate of Bohemia and Slovakia. But Dr. Kosutich was thinking of the Serbo-Croat negotiations then in progress. He wasn't having any. "These are hard questions," he said, and took refuge behind his great beaming smile.

But with the successful mobilisation of last week-end and early this week, the answers would seem to be clear.

THE SILENCE OF KING ZOG

An Inexplicable Aspect of Italy's Annexation of Albania

NOTHING has been more surprising in the story of the sudden seizure of Albania by Italy than the silence of King Zog. From the moment the Italian warships arrived off the coast of his little country, King Zog seems to have faded away, as if he had never held power at all. There is a report that he sent out a broadcast message on that fateful Good Friday, encouraging his people to resist the invading Italians, but there is no record of his making any personal effort himself, and it is an undoubted fact that he fled that same day across the frontier into Greece.

It was known in Europe that what is called "tension" in the newspapers existed between Albania and her strong ally, Italy, but its exact nature was not clear. King Zog appeared to be somewhat restive under the Italian control and was reported to be anxious to have some alterations in the treaty existing between Italy and Albania. But the birth of the crown prince on the Wednesday before Easter had caused general rejoicing in Albania and reports from Italy gave the impression that nothing serious was likely to happen. In Tirana, however, we learn from the diary of events sent by a correspondent to *The Times*, the rejoicings were short-lived, as it was learnt that more Italians were leaving Albania and Italian hotels closed.

ALBANIA'S AMAZON ARMY, the pride of King Zog, who regarded it as symbolic of his work to emancipate the country, has not received mention in the Press since the Italian annexation, and many are wondering what has become of it

On Maundy Thursday there was a great demonstration in the square at Tirana, urging the Government to resist, the men marching afterwards to the Palace asking to see the King. Apparently a small deputation was admitted to the Palace, but when they returned they could only tell the eager volunteers that everything was uncertain at the moment, but to be ready the next morning when they would, if necessary, be armed. By 5.30 the next morning, Good Friday, the Italians were landing, and before nightfall the King had gone.

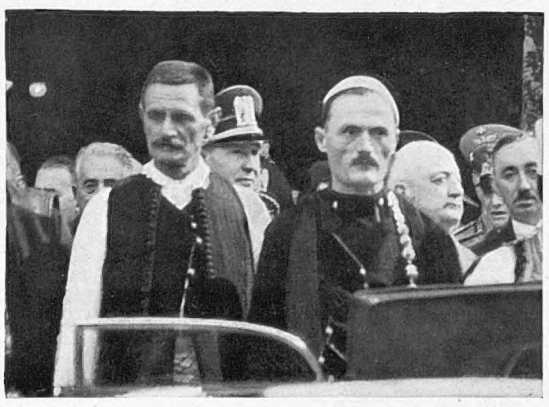
Some resistance was made to the Italians, particularly at Durazzo, a bridge was destroyed and the roads seem to have been obstructed, but there appears to have been no plan of organised resistance. Yet there had been rumours of King Zog having designs upon Yugoslavia, as if he had armed forces at his disposal. Pictures had appeared in the illustrated papers of troops marching through Tirana, of machine-gunners at work, and even of a smart band of Amazons in neat uniforms parading before King Zog's sisters who were taking the salute. The most serious opposition to the Italians was commanded by Colonel Hissin, who held out in Matya district, but by Easter Tuesday all ammunition seems to have failed.

Most of the information of the downfall of Albania comes from Italy—Count Ciano recited the ill-doings of King Zog before the Chamber of Fascios; how he had never been a really good ally; how he had tried to provoke trouble between Italy and Yugoslavia; and finally how he had concentrated his army in the centre of Albania organising demonstrations against Italy. He insisted that Zog had throughout been treated with great consideration, but in spite of this he had become provocative, trusting possibly to hopes of assistance elsewhere.

Where had King Zog been all this time? It is known that he arrived at Florina on the frontier of Greece with a retinue of sixteen cars and two lorries. Accompanying him were the Prime Minister, M. Kotta, and several army officers. His young wife, Queen Geraldine, had arrived before him and was staying at an hotel with the infant prince. The Royal exiles afterwards moved to Salonika and from there to Larissa.

Throughout these poignant days and weeks when the country for which he had struggled in the past was lost to him, and his newly-acquired crown was offered to his former ally, King Zog has not said a single word. No report has been received of any explanation to his people; of any justification for his actions; of any appeal to the Powers for help. He has not been moved to deny the statements of his misdeeds as recited by Count Ciano, or to protest at the offering of his crown to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Not even the fact of his being proclaimed an outlaw from his native country has moved him to protest. His good name has been aspersed and scandals spread, but King Zog has held his peace.

It is difficult at the moment, with the lack of full news from the Albanian side, to understand the King's attitude. He had been a soldier from early youth, becoming a colonel in the Austrian army when only nineteen, had gained full experience of active fighting during the great war. He had shown determination and vigour when he overthrew his rival, Fan Noli, who had been placed in authority by Mussolini. His people have always had a reputation for courage, for fierce patriotism, and all the hardy virtues of a mountain people. One might have expected him to have led them in a desperate heroic effort to maintain their independence. Instead, one hears, via Budapest, that King Zog will probably ask permission to live quietly in England and that he has salvaged sufficient private fortune to be able to live "a comfortable bourgeois existence."



THEY CAME WITH A THRONE: Members of the Albanian delegation which visited Rome after the annexation in order to offer King Victor Emmanuel the title of King of Albania. During their stay they were entertained in lavish style by the Fascist leaders

B. H.

CONSCRIPTION COMES AT LAST

And Territorial Army Recruiting Goes Ahead by Leaps and Bounds

IT HAD TO HAPPEN: Four young Londoners read the news that Britain has at last introduced conscription and that the Government has decided to call up for compulsory military service all men of twenty years of age, thus increasing Britain's army by 200,000. The conscripts will be given six months' intensive training and will then be transferred either to the Territorials or a Special Reserve for the Regular Army. While they are serving their jobs will be held open for them

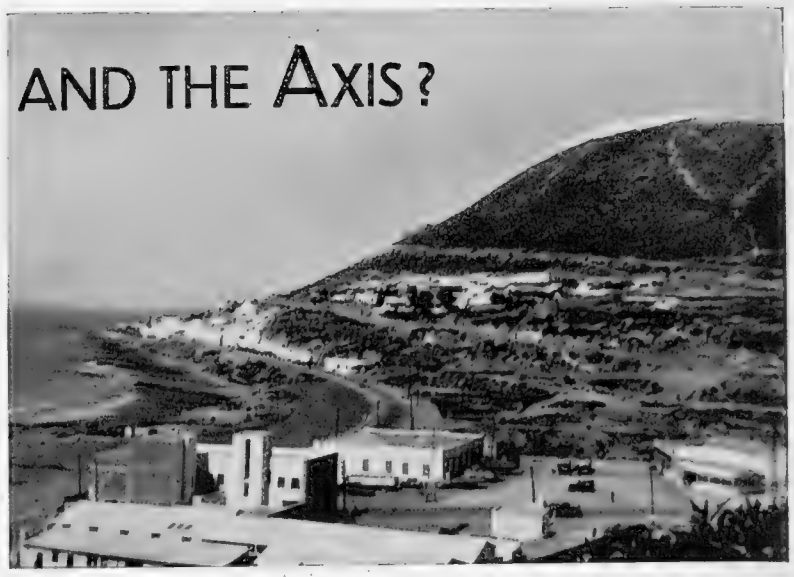
A TONIC FOR RECRUITING: A scene at the Territorial Army Enquiry Bureau at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, as young men flocked to enlist on April 26. Provided they had offered their services by midnight it was understood that, even though twenty years of age, they would be exempt from conscription

JOIN THE ARMY AND SAVE EUROPE! This "regular" did a brisk trade as he spoke from a recruiting van in Trafalgar Square during the course of the lunch hour. The last ten days have seen a big increase in recruits and many Territorial units are now up to strength

THEY ARE IN THE ARMY NOW: These young men belong to the 2nd Battalion the London Scottish, one of the first units to recruit to double its war strength. They already have rifles, so can carry on with their musketry training. Inevitably, however, many Territorials will be without uniforms for a long time to come as supplies tend to lag behind recruitment

SPAIN, NORTHERN AFRICA, AND THE AXIS?

Germany and Italy Realise What General Franco's Support Would Mean in Mediterranean Affairs in the Event of a European Conflict



AGADIR TO-DAY: Thither the Kaiser sent a gunboat in 1911, thus very nearly precipitating a world war by supporting the Moroccan kaids against the control of France. In 1939 the Anglo-French squadrons use Agadir as a base

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

ALL was very quiet when I left the Straits of Gibraltar. On the best of local authority, the Spaniards were "up to nothing in particular" round and about. I never saw fewer vessels in harbour, or in the Bay of Algeciras. If under no illusion as to the durability of Spanish calm and inactivity, it did seem that for the time being the centre of gravity had swung elsewhere—to Poland, Albania, Holland, it changed pretty well with each morning's news. Following "News from Morocco" and "Gibraltar Under Ironside," I had intended a third and final article tackling the New Spain's likely initial birth-pangs in Africa and elsewhere, but cancelled the notion. "They've had enough about Spain for the present."

No sooner disembarked at Marseilles than I found the neighbourhood whence I had just come once again hot in the news, all over the front page, with supposed threats to Gibraltar, and the German Fleet ordered to set off on a spring cruise in Spanish waters that would take in Tangier. Tangier? Didn't the Kaiser land in Tangier once, 1905 or

HOW UNITS OF THE EXPERT AND HARDENED FRENCH ARMY OF NORTH AFRICA ARE MOVED FROM PLACE TO PLACE: Each lorry holds about thirty Senegalese and they are able to travel at great speed owing to the excellence of the strategic roads that have been built throughout Tunisia

something, symbolic gesture meant to indicate a German stake in Morocco? And, six years later, didn't he send the *Panther* to claim a place in the sun, down at Agadir? On the quayside at Marseilles, these latitudes where I had been moving about for a month took on firmer shape. They *would* have to be written of again.

By the time this appears the forty vessels of the German Fleet sent for a month's exercises off Spanish ports may well have come up with Franco's reconstituted navy in connection with the victory review of the latter at Cartagena, when we may rest assured that No. 1 afloat of the Axis will not be missing from the rendezvous—Rome could never miss that. If lacking in capital ships, a distinctly imposing Italo-German-Spanish armada could, in fact, be assembled.

That geographical side might bear emphasis. We have been hearing so incessantly of the Mediterranean basin proper, extending across perhaps 1,200 or 1,500 miles from the Balearics to Alexandria, that it may be time one got outside it, as it were, at one end the western or Atlantic, which has been neglected owing to the more compelling calls of Tunis and of Suez.

Should a totalitarian-democratic conflict turn out finally to be unavoidable, after infinitely the longest, wordiest and sincerest efforts in all history to avert a war, the extent to which hostilities would be waged in the Mediterranean, by comparison with central and northern Europe, must depend upon how far the Anglo-French core of the liberty alliance elects to reverse grand strategy of the last war and fight the new one in first case from the Near East and from the south, generally. London and Paris have, apparently, yet to opt for being, in the parlance of 1914–18, "Westerners" or "Easterners." Yet even if they ultimately decide to stick to the old conception of "winning the war in the west," which would imply sealing up the Mediterranean at either end, Gibraltar and Port Said, the efforts of Italy to break free of her "prison," efforts which I believe would be supported to the hilt by Nazi Germany, would of themselves suffice to place the Mediterranean in the forefront of events, and nowhere more so than the waters and territories situated within, say, a radius of 100 miles of Gibraltar.

The decisive factor that Franco's bearing will be is of course self-evident. That is certainly the second cause of the German Fleet's visit, the first being to prevent its being bottled up in the North Sea and Baltic in the event of war. The Germans got on better with the Nationalists than did the Italians, which is not surprising in view of Hispano-German affinities of the past, and the Nazis hope to press home the urgency of a common Axis front against the democracies that would include the New Spain. The Gestapo is helping this end on land. The new Hoch See Flotte can work like benefit from the sea. It will also be able to make contact with many ports whence raiders could operate against the Anglo-French (and, who knows, eventual American) squadrons and convoys; and generally show the swastika up and down the Spanish North African, Moorish and West African coasts.

These ports read formidably enough:—Bilbao, Pasajes, Vigo, Cadiz, Malaga, Alicante, Cartagena, Palma, Port Mahon, Melilla, Ceuta, Villa Cisneros, Teneriffe, Fernando Po and Spanish Guinea.

Not to mention Oporto, Lisbon, and the Cap Verde Islands, and Tangier, and maybe Casablanca and Agadir if the Nazi admiral felt like pushing himself.

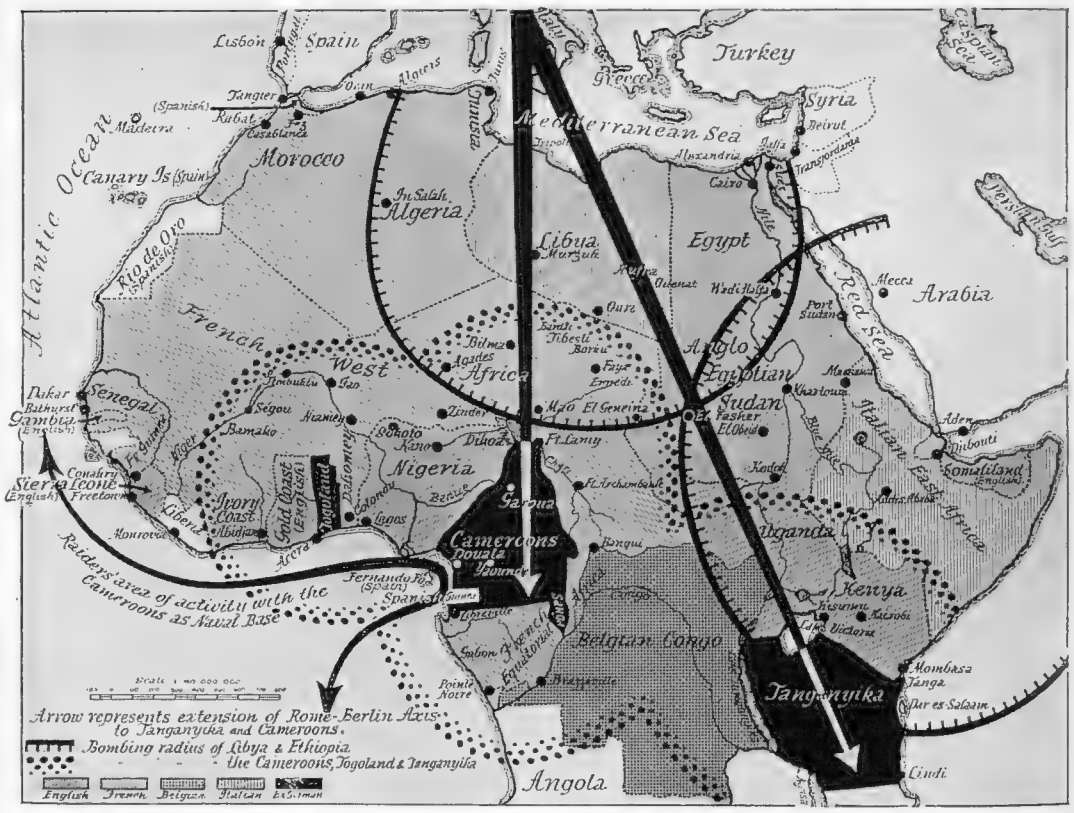
At the hub of affairs stands Gibraltar, which succoured the *Deutschland* after she lost thirty dead through being bombed off Ibiza. Will the Rock be honoured by another visit from the senior "pocket battleship"? Probably yes, if only because visiting foreign naval officers can learn quite a tidy amount in a day or two ashore. Yet any Anglo-German naval fratting in Main Street, such as so thrilled the late Governor, General Harington, last October, should not blind us to what is afoot.

Some Spaniards are saying in Franco's ears: "For goodness' sake let's keep right out of it and *build!* Time enough later for empire and development once we've recovered a little from the nightmare of these last years. We can easily acquit ourselves of any debt of honour to those who helped us by allowing them to use our ports for repairs, by a benevolent neutrality, if it be so insisted. We don't owe them such a great deal, though, considering they saved their own regimes on our soil."

Other Spaniards speak differently: "Now is the time to strike for national aggrandisement. We have great forces mobilised and trained to modern warfare. We can use vast numbers of prisoners of war as forced labour. The best way to make one and all forget the recent nightmare is to lead them to thrilling and victorious times in Africa, in South America, in Gibraltar! Italy and Germany will supply something of our lack on the sea, much more so in the air. They are only too ready to do so.

"Strategically, our advantages outweigh our disadvantages. The French are not strong enough, now, to spare men for an invasion over the Pyrenees. If they tried, what a welcome they'd get! The other main threat, of an enemy landing on the Galician coast or round Cadiz, could be rendered highly improbable by a concentration of 'Axis' air and submarine effort in these quarters. The enemy

(Continued on page 240)



IF THE MANDATED TERRITORIES SHOULD BE RETURNED: A sketch map that indicates how the handing over of Tanganyika and the Cameroons to the Axis would bring the heart of the African continent within the range of German and Italian bombers. The map is taken from G. L. Steer's book, *Judgment on German Africa*, which has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton. Discussing the African problem Mr. Steer says: "*Let nobody deceive himself that, because we are still mistress of the seas, the German colonies will be always at our mercy. If indeed we are mistress still, we are not as young as once we were. With France we can only just equal the fleets of the anti-Comintern Pact. . . . Air supremacy on the other side will have already put our native armies to flight; will have broken the ring on land and lost us the only territory from which we could fight back. In short, while Germany still has overwhelming air supremacy, to yield an inch of African soil to her is insanity. Even if we reduce her lead, her true strength can only be assessed by adding Italy's air force to hers and France's to our own.*" The author concludes—"*Why be free with aerodromes?*" *The diagram shows the areas liable to air raids from Libya and Ethiopia, and similarly from Togoland, the Cameroons and Tanganyika. The arrow on the left indicates the danger from a naval base*

HOLLAND LOOKS TO HER DEFENCES: How a Traditionally Neutral Nation Is Becoming Prepared

PROTECTING THE DUTCH COASTLINE: A dugout on the foreshore at Scheveningen, near The Hague, typifying the way in which Holland is at present looking to her defences. Ever since the autumn of 1937 she has been gradually building up her army so that on a war footing it would consist of at least 1,600,000 fully trained men. At the same time the Dutch have been making plans in elaborate fashion for the economic safety of the country in time of war. Newly-framed Enabling Bills provide for general requisitioning, regulation of agricultural production, distribution of essential goods, and the regulation of prices

AT EVERY FRONTIER BRIDGEHEAD great doors of steel have been set up and no expense has been spared in making the borders proof against the *attaque brusque*. Meanwhile Holland reiterates her neutrality policy, and only recently her Foreign Minister declared that Holland would not allow free passage to troops operating against an aggressor nation if the aggressor nation was a neighbour state, as Holland would thus become a battlefield for all Europe

DEFENCE MEASURES IN HOLLAND AND SWEDEN

DUTCH INGENUITY: This heavy, armoured steel machine-gun nest is in use in the Dutch Army. It can easily be transported by truck, so that in the event of a not too rapid retreat it could be saved from enemy hands. *Below*—These retractable steel arms have been fixed at a Dutch bridgehead to prevent the passage of mechanised forces

SWEDISH RESERVISTS IN ACTION: Gunners giving a demonstration of one of the latest types of anti-aircraft gun. It is of medium calibre and can be quickly limbered up and removed to another firing point. Pneumatic tyres enable it to travel fast on main roads

BELGIUM BUILDS A

LOOKING FROM A MACHINE-GUN NEST on to a Belgian canal. A feature of the where vast sums of money have been spent in devising a system capable of p by sudden attack. Belgium has a German frontier of 70 miles to defend, and ha

A MACHINE GUNNER AT HIS POST in one of the pill-box forts of the Belg may be likened in its impregnability to the French Maginot Line and th been constructed despite Belgium's adherence to strict neutrality. Belgium 80,000 men, with over 4,000 officers, and includes a mechanised cavalry corps

"MAGINOT LINE": Her £6,600,000 Frontier Fortifications

fortifications in Belgium's frontier region, venting the country being overwhelmed allocated £6,600,000 to pay for fortifications

STRETCHING FOR MILES ALONG THE BELGIAN FRONTIER and providing security against sudden attack are these anti-tank barriers consisting of a series of short steel posts. It would be quite impossible for any tank to surmount such an obstacle and as mines have been buried at frequent intervals there is additional danger awaiting a mechanised attacking force

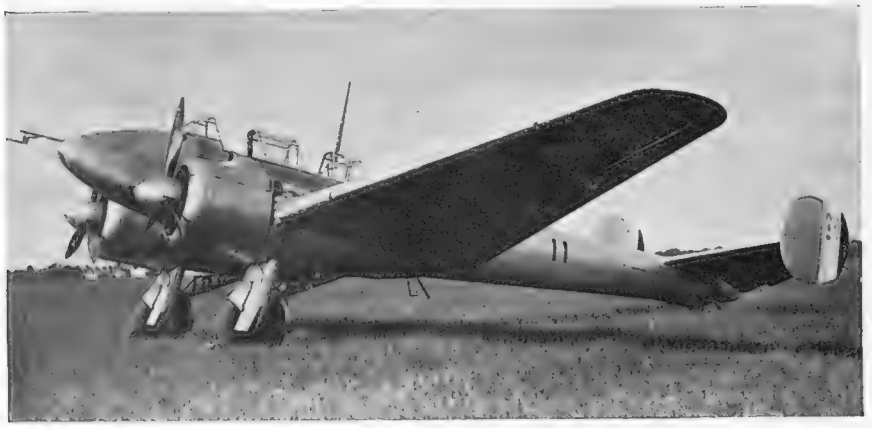
frontier defence system—a system that German Siegfried Line and which has army at the present moment consists of and one division of special frontier troops

A KITCHEN 246 FT. BELOW GROUND: In every section of the Belgian "Maginot Line" up-to-date ovens of this type provide hot meals for the garrison. Men are always on duty in the forts, but regiments are relieved at frequent intervals as they naturally suffer physically from living underground. *Below*—Looking down one of the long tunnels in the Belgian line

L'ARMÉE DE L'AIR: France Augments Her Aerial Fighting Forces: Big Purchases Made in the United States

THE MODERN FRENCH BOMBERS are machines of great size and power, being of superior efficiency to most other types in the Armee de l'Air. These twin-engined planes have revolving gun-turrets in the nose and in the centre of the fuselage

LINED UP AT VILLACOUBLAY: French light bombers ready to set out on a practice flight. They are very fast and each pilot has his cockpit set well above the wings



UN AVION DE CHASSE: A typical fighter plane of the French air force. For operations within a strictly limited area this machine has great potentialities, combining high speed with considerable destructive power. It is of all-metal construction

A DIVE AT 575 M.P.H. was achieved by this Curtiss Hawk 75 single-seater fighter when it recently ran its acceptance trials over Buffalo Airport, New York State, before delivery to the French Government. France is buying 200 of these machines which it is believed possess a remarkably high standard of stability

THE French are a naturally air-minded people—far more so than the British. French pilots are among the finest in the world, and the general populace have a marked interest in aviation, as is evidenced by the great crowd that hovers around even the smallest French aerodrome whenever there is any flying. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that in recent years the French aircraft industry has been allowed to decline to a dangerous degree, with the result that the Air Force suffers from the lack of modern efficient machines. This deficiency is being rapidly overcome, partly by greatly increased productive effort and partly by the purchase from abroad of ready-made aircraft and engines.

In 1918 Great Britain's monthly output averaged 2,668 air-frames and 1,841 engines. Contrast this with the 83 machines a month that the whole French aircraft industry averaged last year and the leeway to be made up is apparent, even allowing for the fact that fewer man-hours were needed to turn out a 1918 machine than one of the present-day complicated aircraft. It has been announced that a productive rate of 200 a month should be attained by the end of May. But even this rate must be only a small proportion of that which will be necessary in war. That this is appreciated by the French Government is shown by the fact that close co-operation has been instigated between French and British aircraft constructors so that the French industry may gain from knowledge of superior production methods in Britain.

In the meantime, delivery of new French machines to the Armée de l'Air is being augmented by delivery of American aircraft. Some 200 Curtiss Hawk 75 single-seater fighters are on the way, as are also over 100 North American Harvard advanced trainers. The British Government has also ordered a large number of these for the R.A.F. And the ensuing months should see the French industry further strengthened by the completion of arrangements to build Rolls-Royce Merlin and Bristol sleeve-valve engines under licence and also Supermarine Spitfire fighters. In addition it may be found possible to export to France several hundreds of these engines during the summer.

The general policy of the Armée de l'Air runs parallel to that of the Royal Air Force. It favours, for instance, the heavy bomber as against the lighter type of bomber which forms the first line equipment of the German Luftwaffe and which enables it to have a greater numerical strength for the same expenditure of labour and material.

Unfortunately, French equipment is not up to date. I heard a Frenchman express the opinion the other day that the material was, in general, four years behind that which is in the R.A.F. This I believe to be unduly pessimistic, but certainly the majority of French bomber and fighter squadrons are waiting for modern replacements.

One of the best of the new bombers that are coming through is the Amiot 370. This machine broke a class record last year by flying a load of 4,400 lb. a distance of 1,242 miles at a speed of 275 m.p.h.

The French have for a long while favoured *canons* for fighter armament whereas we have favoured multiple machine-guns. The *canon* fires an explosive shell of perhaps 20 mm. (the biggest gun yet made is 37 mm.) and although its rate of fire is less than that of a machine-gun it has the advantage of longer range and considerably greater damage effect.

Nigel Tangye

PARACHUTE

RED CROSS PARACHUTE NURSES: These girls belong to the unofficial corps which has been started in France by Madame Suzette O'Nil Dranem, a wealthy widow, and is already rendering admirable service. In peace time they are invaluable for sending to the scene of aviation accidents in remote parts of the country, while they also render first aid to those who may be cut off by flood or snow

MAKING A PERFECT DESCENT: Madame Suzette O'Nil Dranem, organiser of the Red Cross Parachute Nurses, giving a demonstration for members of her corps. Note the easy sitting position she holds while in the air

IN France there is at the present time no government organisation for the requisition of the services of women in time of war. There are, however, many private concerns actively employed in training and enrolling women for national defence in many branches.

One of the most unusual and interesting of these is the corps of women parachute Red Cross nurses, organised and financed by Madame Suzette O'Nil Dranem. She was the widow of Florence O'Nil, an American journalist well known in Paris and owner of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. After his death she married Dranem, the famous French comedian, and herself went on the stage. When for the second time she became a widow, her only son being already fifteen and occupied with his scholastic career, she decided to undertake some engrossing occupation.

Fond of active sports, an excellent horsewoman, and entirely without fear, she was determined to do something definitely useful. That was in 1935. In November of that year she obtained the certificate permitting her to be trained as a parachutist. This is awarded by the Aero Club de France after the candidate has passed a stiff technical examination determined by the French Air Ministry.

In March, 1936, she started the world's unique corps of Red Cross parachute nurses. Recognised by the Air Ministry of France to be

NURSES of FRANCE: Members of a Service Run by Private Enterprise

of public utility and placed at its service in all cases of emergency, this corps is organised, trained, and maintained entirely by the personal efforts and energy of Suzette O'Nil Dranem. She bears all responsibility and meets all expenses.

She started with three members. Her corps now numbers fifty and has a waiting list of over 200. They are all volunteers and come from all ranks of society. There are typists, servants, daughters of professional men and women owning aeroplanes.

In order that her working members may follow their professions or trades she holds her ground classes in the evenings. These take place twice a week, and more often as the examination approaches. Suzette O'Nil Dranem presides over each class personally.

Here all the technique of folding, manipulating and maintaining a parachute are learned. After three months' training, most of the pupils are ready to undergo the examination of the Aero Club de France. The maximum time is six months.

The Aero Club has been so impressed by the usefulness and efficiency of this organisation that it has sent to it a number of young men from the various civilian clubs existing in France for the popularisation of aviation. They come to Suzette O'Nil Dranem to learn the manipulation of parachutes, and then return to their clubs to pass on their knowledge to their comrades.

Though the majority of the corps consists of women holding the state nursing certificate, this is not an essential qualification for membership. A parachutist needs a special physique and morale, unlimited courage and nerves of iron. Though there may be admirable nurses who would not be fitted for this branch of work, Madame Dranem does not care to risk losing a good parachutist in the case of a woman who does not possess a nursing certificate. She can study first aid and nursing while acquiring her parachute training.

From the character of their corps, these nurses are only called upon to apply first aid. They are not expected to possess the training required for continuous service in hospital wards. This work would undermine their fitness. Their qualification is to be always ready to go wherever they are required.

They may give aid to those who are lost in the mountains. They are invaluable in the case of aviation accidents in remote parts of the country. They render first aid to those cut off by flood or snow. As the corps develops Madame Dranem expects it to play an important role in colonial life. There are desert tracts where they alone can penetrate.

She had a negro among her pupils. His skill and adroitness were remarkable. On seeing this, the governor of one of the French colonies observed: "What inestimable service you could render in my country!"

One of the greatest assets of the corps is the extraordinary moral discipline it achieves among the members. These women who are prepared to hurl themselves into space are afraid of nothing. They have a character apart from that of ordinary mortality. The commonplace contretemps of everyday life cease to exist for them.

Some members of the corps are air pilots. This is a matter of personal choice. It is not necessary, for a pilot cannot leave her machine except in case of accident. Suzette O'Nil Dranem is not herself a pilot.

When the women have the necessary ground certificate they are trained in parachute jumping by qualified members of the French Air Force; always under the personal supervision of their chief, Suzette O'Nil Dranem. Williams, the famous French parachutist who was killed last year, had trained her and many of her members.

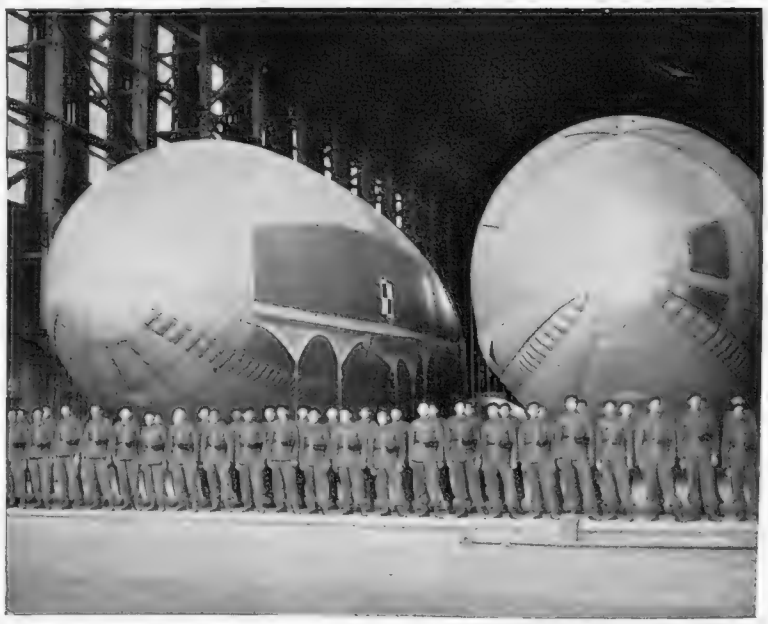
The first jump is made with an automatic parachute. This is followed up by lessons in the manipulation of parachute controls, when and where to open them, according to the weather and the nature of the ground on which the descent is to be made. *(Continued on page 238)*

HAPPY LANDING: With her parachute over her arm Madame Dranem returns to the aerodrome after making a demonstration parachute descent. The Aero Club of France has been so impressed by the usefulness of her organisation that it has sent a number of young men to her to learn the folding and general manipulation of parachutes

POLAND: Germany's Neighbour Looks to Her Air Defences

WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR: Polish airmen lined up in front of their machines before taking off on an exercise flight. The planes are twin-engined heavy bombers with gun positions forward of the cockpits

A CEASELESS WATCH ON THE FRONTIERS is at present being kept by Poland's balloon regiments which use observation blimps. The observers' basket can be seen in the centre. The winding gear is mounted on a lorry



THEY CAN BE IN THE AIR IN ONE AND A HALF MINUTES: Poland's frontier observation balloons are kept inflated and they can be pulled from their hangars and sent aloft at a moment's notice. They are manned by conscript soldiers. Poland has no separate air force personnel

ALL EYES ARE ON BALKAN EUROPE

Where the Axis Is Making Its Supreme Bid for Power and Danger To World Peace Ever Threatens

"THERE will be trouble in the Balkans in the spring" has been for many years almost a proverb. And this year there has certainly been trouble. There is much more trouble to come.

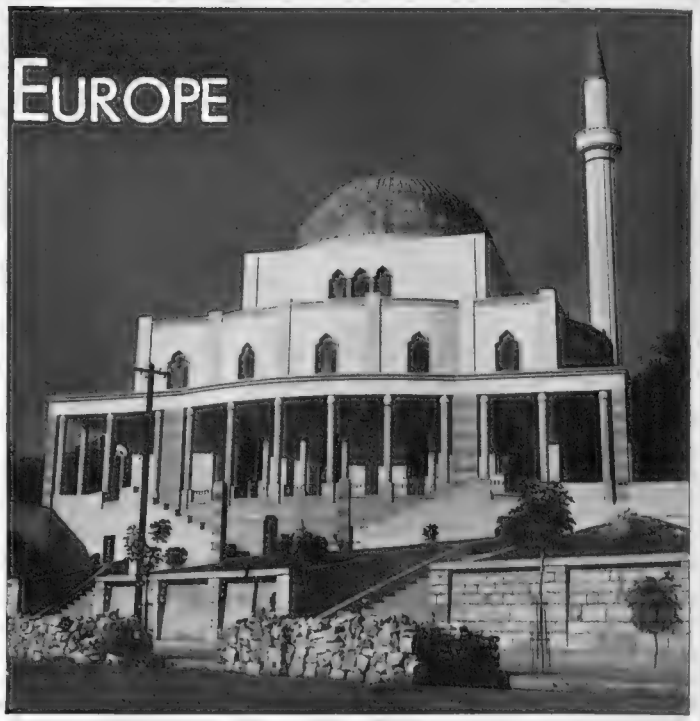
On Good Friday, as all the world knows, an overwhelming Italian expeditionary force was suddenly disembarked at Albanian ports, and soon the whole country was in Italian hands. This treacherous invasion of a friendly state, in flagrant disregard alike of international treaties and of personal assurances by Italian statesmen, electrified the other Balkan countries, for the Italians had seized a "bridgehead" upon the eastern side of the Adriatic Sea. In Greece and Rumania there was consternation; in Yugoslavia alarm; in Bulgaria and Hungary satisfaction. Turkish statesmen weighed up the situation with stern faces.

A glance at the map will reveal that Albania, though tiny and mountainous (with hardly more than a million inhabitants), is one of Europe's key places. It lies at the bottle-neck entrance to the Adriatic Sea which is, at that point, only 47 miles wide; and at the narrowest point there is a deep and landlocked harbour, the Bay of Valona, with the rocky little island of Saseno at its mouth.

Ever since the Albanians proclaimed independence in November, 1912, the Italians have been keenly interested in Albania for strategic reasons. They repeatedly assured the world that these strategic reasons were exclusively *defensive* and made out a very good case. It was that since they had in their eastern coastline no secure naval harbour between Taranto (in the instep of Italy) and Trieste (at the northern end of the Adriatic) their security would be gravely threatened if the fleet of a hostile power should base itself upon Valona Bay. Accordingly they have always striven to have a controlling interest in Albania.

Shortly after the world war began the Italians, disregarding Albanian neutrality, seized Saseno island (which they have held ever since) and occupied the Valona district. After the war they planned to annex Valona but the Albanians drove them out and succeeded at last in obtaining recognition of their pre-war frontiers. Albania became a member of the League of Nations but Great Britain, France and Japan recognised that any threat to her independence or integrity would be a danger to Italy's strategic security.

When Zog became dictator of Albania in 1925 (he became King only in 1928), he was obliged to accept Italian financial and technical assistance (which was forthcoming from no other country) and in return concluded treaties which bound Albania to Italy for *defensive* purposes. A Pact of Friendship and Security was concluded with Italy in November, 1926, but it was superseded a year later by a much more definite agreement, a Treaty of Defensive Alliance; this treaty, concluded for twenty years and providing for mutual defence, stipulated that in case of need each country would place at the disposal of the other all its military and other resources "if such aid is requested by the threatened party."



A MODERN MOSQUE AT DURAZZO: Albania has an immense Muslim population and it is for this reason that the Arab states of the Near East have been so vigorously protesting against Italy's invasion

BALKAN EUROPE: A sketch map showing the relative positions of the ever troublous lands that lie beyond the Adriatic and which form the subject of the accompanying article

Thereafter, for all military and diplomatic purposes, the Italians were in complete control of Albania. They had fortified the island of Saseno so strongly that no hostile fleet could possibly enter Valona Bay. They built an elaborate port at Durazzo (so that Italian troops could be landed "to defend Albania") and roads through the valleys to link up with Yugoslavia and Greece. Moreover there were Italian advisers in all Albanian State departments, while a strong Military Mission under General Pariani (now Italian Under-Secretary for War) trained the Albanian army to withstand, upon prepared defensive lines, any possible invasion from Yugoslavia or Greece until Italian reinforcements could arrive.

All these defensive plans had been drawn up because the Italians thought the Yugoslavs, in alliance with France, might suddenly invade Albania and seize Valona; but in 1937 Yugoslavia and Italy signed a Treaty of Friendship, while the last possibility of any Yugoslav attack upon Albania was completely eliminated when Germany, Italy's Axis partner, by absorbing Austria, became Yugoslavia's neighbour. What more, then, did the Italians require from Albania? The answer is all too evident. Italy, in collaboration with Germany, has resolved to assume the offensive in the Balkans, using Albania as her base in accordance with a long-laid plan.

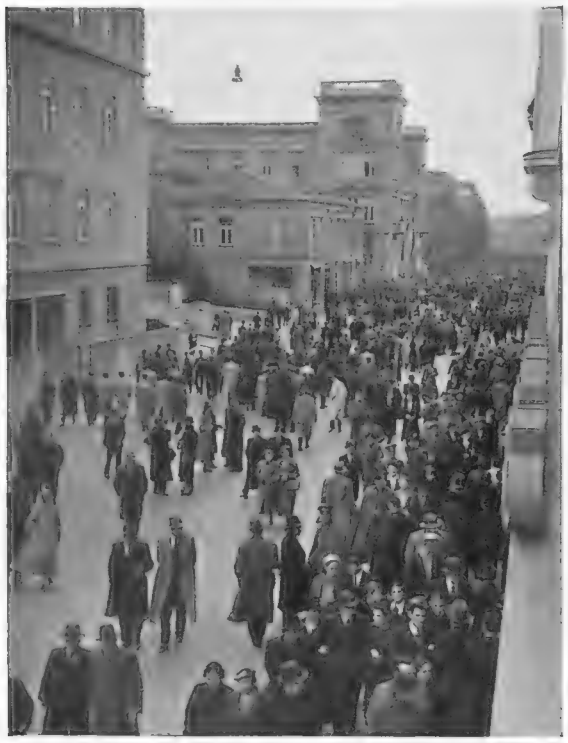
By occupying Albania the Italians gain Valona as a naval base from which they may close the Adriatic Sea. Moreover, they threaten the two other main naval anchorages in the Adriatic—Yugoslav Kotor (or Cattaro) in the north, which is impregnable from the sea but within easy reach overland from Scutari: and in the south the Greek roadstead between the island of Corfu and the mainland, which is now within range of Italian heavy guns. In the east, too, Italian troops are now almost half-way from Valona to Greek Salonika; they are close to the railway from Florina to Salonika and threaten Yugoslavia's only outlet to the free seas which they do not control through that port. Albanian nationalist claims have always extended southward to the Gulf of Arta and these, under Italian auspices, might be stretched eastward at Greek expense, too, to the Gulf of Salonika. And if Yugoslavia objects, there are Albanian claims to Prishtina and Skoplje to be revived.

Thus Yugoslavia is gripped firmly between the paws of the double-headed Axis Goliath. If she moves against the Axis partners she can be crushed. Hungary and Bulgaria belong to that partnership, while Rumania and Greece are not strong enough to help her unaided; indeed, they are not strong enough to defend themselves against this array of states with territorial claims against them, hence the guarantees they have received from Great Britain and France.

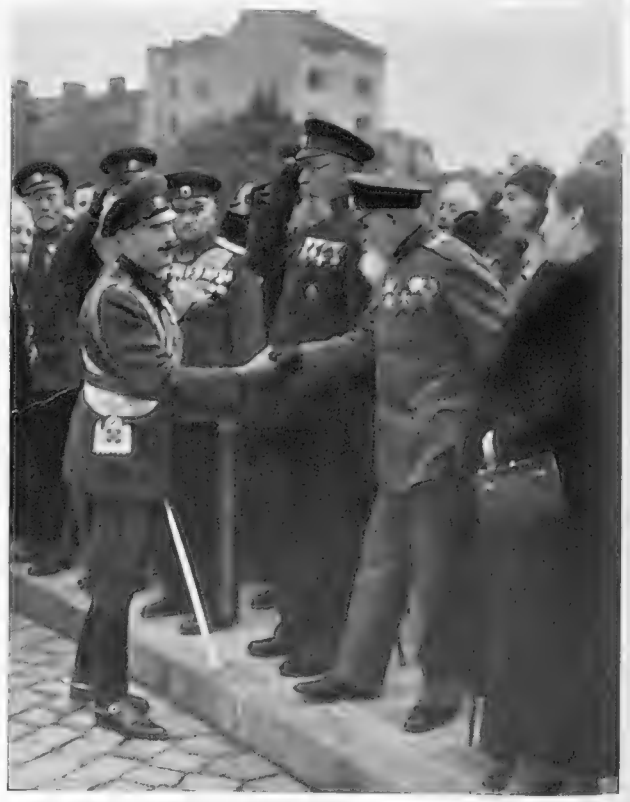
In 1912, during the first Balkan war against Turkey, Serbia annexed most of Macedonia—that is, the country between Skoplje and the Greek border. After the world war Serbia became part of Yugoslavia—a country of Serbs, Macedonians, Croats, and Slovenes which, while under the firm leadership of King Alexander, Italy regarded as her rival upon the Adriatic Sea. And until 1926 the Italians, eagerly seconded by the Hungarians and Bulgarians, strove by every possible means to stir up trouble between these different branches of the same Slavonic family, subsidising revolutionary organisations which were responsible for the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles in October, 1934.

Though the Hungarians have much more extensive claims against Rumania they obediently collaborated with the Italians and Bulgarians against Yugoslavia. But though King Alexander's murderer came from Hungary, where he had been attached as instructor in terrorism to a so-called Croatian revolutionary organisation which was comfortably established upon Hungarian territory, he actually belonged to a terrorist organisation controlled by the Bulgarian War Office. This latter organisation was formed originally by the

(Continued on page 240)



SOFIA COMES TO LIFE: Promenading in the city between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. when everybody meets everybody



PRO AXIS: A recent study of King Boris shaking hands with ex-Tsarist officers now living in Bulgaria. The King has an Italian Consort and inclines strongly towards the Axis

BY THE WATERS OF THE NERETVA: A picturesquely situated mosque in Yugoslavia where there is a large Muslim population

MOSQUES AND SHRINES OF BALKAN EUROPE

COURTYARD OF A MOSQUE IN SERAJEVO, Yugoslavian town of bitter memories. *Right*—A church-cum-fortress in Transylvania, Rumania. The Balkans are right in the forefront of the European news and what eventuates there is fraught with vital importance. An article on the subject by Mr. J. Swire appears on the opposite page and contains a concise explanation of the relations between the Axis and the Balkan states

IN CLEANLY COPENHAGEN: Looking through the rigging of a sailing ship to the famous Dragon Spire of the Royal Exchange. Mr. Greenwall is making Copenhagen the centre for his present tour of the Baltic States

THE BALTIC SCENE—I

PROSPEROUS DENMARK GOES ABOUT ITS BUSINESS

Regardless of the Rest of Europe's "Jumps"

This is the first of a short series of articles in which Mr. Greenwall surveys conditions in the Baltic States at this critical moment in their history. The author's findings in Denmark are of a decidedly encouraging nature, despite looming Nazism on the border.

THERE is nothing rotten in *this* state of Denmark! Indeed, swooping down on the outskirts of the capital after a 3¾ hrs. non-stop flight from Paris, and reading the obsequious Madame Tabouis, while interrupting her harrowing tale to take occasional side-long glances at the moving map of Europe being unrolled below, I rather expected to find trenches being dug in Denmark to keep out the invader from the south: but no; Denmark is going about its business just as though the remainder of Europe was not suffering from the jumps.

I am using Copenhagen as a base for a brief tour of the Baltic, but brief only in the sense that it will be completed within a short space of time. My way will lie eastwards through the three newest of the states which face the grey, heaving northern ocean, eastwards to the Russian frontier where it adjoins Estonia. Yet, should I write the word "new"? Time laughs when I am reminded that this summer the three "new" states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, carved from the ribs of Russia, will celebrate their twenty-first birthday.

From the southern side of the Baltic I shall cross over to yet another of the post-war states, Finland, and then continue to the fairy-tale countries of Norway and Sweden. Seven countries, four of the post-war vintage and three whose histories have roots entangled with our own, seven countries with maritime frontiers washed by a sea, threatened by danger only second to that which overshadows the Mediterranean. Two countries, Lithuania and Denmark, both have land frontiers joined to the land of the swastika, and the flapping shadow of that flag and emblem may be seen in flashes of conversation with Danes of all degrees. But there is no fear.

Spring has come to this toy-like capital of a brave people; white gulls scream in a cloudless blue sky, dashing over the masts of ships fitted so closely into the inner harbour which makes a section of Copenhagen resemble a Dutch canal. The markets are gay with flowers and fruit and vegetables; there is plenty to eat and plenty to drink, for though our Danish friends send us much of their agricultural products, the stalls in the markets hold solid phalanxes of golden butter and pyramids of brown and white eggs. I have a reason for calling attention to this almost superabundance of food, because here in Denmark, a biscuit toss, as the sailor says, from the land of the swastika, they have a much better idea of what I may call the physical state of the people living just across an invisible line. Danes who should know say that the people over on the other side of the frontier do not get enough to eat; there is, they aver, a shortage of butter and a shortage of eggs. Do you, I ask a Danish butter and egg man, send much of your abundance "across the way"?

"Last year," he said, and showed me official figures to back up his statement, "we sent 36,421 tons of butter to Germany, but we sent 119,375 tons to Great Britain and we were paid cash; Germany makes us take her finished goods in return, and so, of course, there is a limit to what we can take. During 1938 we sold five times as many of our cheeses to Germany as we sold to Great Britain, but Great Britain took more than 50 per cent. more of our eggs than Germany did; on the other hand we sent immense quantities of dead poultry to Germany and comparatively little to Great Britain. Last year we sold 178,190 tons of bacon and lard to Great Britain, but only 2,175 tons to Germany. Now look at horses, last year you bought a horse from us, yes, I mean that, one horse; Germany purchased 7,719. This year, from January to March, you have purchased thirty-five horses from us, but Germany has already bought 2,815 horses, and a German delegation is coming here immediately to buy thousands."

By

H. J. GREENWALL

I think these figures are very eloquent. Despite the annexations, or because of them, the shortage of primary foodstuffs in the land of the swastika is keenly felt, but there is not a sufficient supply of foreign currency to purchase enough food from nearby neighbour Denmark, so from the land of the swastika come finished goods, but the Danish farmer is frank enough to say that his new plough, which came to him indirectly by barter, is not as good as his old plough which came, years ago, from Great Britain.

Denmark is lucky in many ways, but the Danes touch wood when they say so. Denmark possesses a constitutional monarchy, a Liberal Government, and a highly organised Socialistic state. Danes smile when I mention Pig Boards and Milk Boards. "You people do hate the naked word Socialism, don't you?" they say. The Danes have no objection to calling a spade a spade and a shovel a shovel. "We have a fine army," they say, "only there are not enough men in it." That is, of course, true. The army numbers around 100,000 men, but then, you must remember that it is not so long ago that Denmark, believing that Europe was going to be a continent fit for democracies to live in, decided to abolish its army.

"Weapons?" say the Danes, "we have fine guns and rifles, home-made and very good, but we have not got enough of them." That is true again. Denmark has one of the finest arms factories in Europe; when the Allied Commission began to disarm Germany after the world war Denmark was well supplied with blue prints and prototypes of the best German weapons, yet what can Denmark do with them now?

It is not only soldiers that Denmark has not got, she has no poverty, and no war-swollen budget;

(Continued on page 238)

On right—
"THE MARKETS ARE GAY WITH FLOWERS AND FRUIT AND VEGETABLES" declares Mr. Greenwall in describing current conditions in Denmark. The country, indeed, has an almost superabundance of food, contrasting strongly with the great scarcity over the border in Germany

THE CLEOPATRA OF MIKRA DELOS

A Headless Figure from the Isles of Greece

Delos, that name with the Byronic ring, comprises two islands of the Cyclades, Megale Delos and Mikra Delos, and since 1877 many remarkable relics of the Grecian golden age have been brought to light there. This magnificent headless figure of Cleopatra stands on Mikra Delos, and silhouetted against the sea and the blue Aegean sky it makes a most impressive spectacle. The Queen would seem to be striking a pose at once defiant and commanding. The earliest historical inhabitants were Ionians and after 146 B.C., when Corinth fell, Delos became the seat of extensive commerce. Its sacred associations, its great festival of Apollo, its excellent harbour, and its situation on the direct route from southern Europe to the coasts of Asia all combined to render the place highly favoured by merchants. So great was the traffic of Delos that it is said 10,000 slaves often changed hands there in a single day. After flourishing for a considerable time Delos was devastated in the Mithridatic war (87 B.C.) and from that calamity it never recovered.

NAPOLEON'S STABLES, ST. MAXIMIN

From the Water-Colour Drawing by W. Russell Flint, R.A.

Recently exhibited at the Royal Water Colour Society, Conduit Street, W.

This picture by Mr. Russell Flint conjures up an early episode in the life of Napoleon. It appears that Joseph, elder brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, married Julie, elder daughter of M. Clary, the well-to-do innkeeper at St. Maximin, in the Provence. Joseph was then tax collector at St. Maximin, while Napoleon, a penniless and hungry young soldier, often stayed with him there. Tradition says that the future Emperor used to hang around the inn cadging meals and flirting with Julie's young sister, Desiree. Napoleon was not a particularly welcome hanger-on and found it convenient to approach the kitchen through the little door from the stable shown in this picture. He was very much in love with Desiree, but when he sought M. Clary's permission to marry her was curtly dismissed with the words, "One Corsican is quite enough." Desiree later married Marshal Bernadotte, and one wonders if ever his descendant, the present King of Sweden, looks in at the old hostelry during his journeyings to and from the Riviera. The place is still kept by a Clary

On Sure Ground—with

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE—THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE

PEOPLE WHO ENTERTAIN US

THE WHIMPLE WAY: Actress Valerie Hobson, just back from her honeymoon, wore this striking headgear when she went out on the Great West Road to watch the start of the R.A.C. Rally. On the first lap entrants covered the 168 miles to Llandrindod

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S LATEST: Londoners will be seeing her next week in the new Paramount production, *Midnight*, in which she co-stars with popular Don Ameche. Her Majesty Queen Mary has promised to attend the first performance, the proceeds of which will go to charity

THIS IS SALLY GRAY, star of *The Lambeth Walk*, the film version of the successful musical show *Me and My Girl*. The picture had its world premiere at the Empire, Leicester Square, on April 27

COLOUR AND MOVEMENT AT THE LONDON CASINO: One of the dance acts in the new supper show, the *Bal Tabarin Revue*, which is proving an attraction at this dinner and supper rendezvous

ACADEMY ARTISTS DEPICT CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY

Two Outstanding Landscapes in the Newly-opened Summer Exhibition at Burlington House—The Beauties of Suffolk

"THE RIVER STOUR"

A notable contribution to the 1939 Royal Academy is this painting of the Stour, near Sudbury, by Algernon Newton, A.R.A. Mr. Newton is one of our foremost landscapists and is particularly skilled in portraying cloud and sunshine effects

"A SUFFOLK HAVEN"

John A. Park knows Constable's country as well as any contemporary landscapist and this charming composition has every feature to allure the lover of boats and yachts. One suspects a touch of idealisation

R.A. 1939: Some More Notable Pictures From Burlington House

"THE TIRED LITTLE DANCER"

By Ethel Gabain

"THE VISCOUNTESS DAWSON OF PENN"

By Flora Lion

"TRIAL AND ERROR"

By Meredith Frampton, A.R.A.

"THE HOLIDAY, DEVORAN VALLEY"

By S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.A.

"FREDDIE'S FIRST VISIT"

By James W. Tucker

"BRIGHTON IN THE REGENCY"

By Anna Zinkeisen

FILMING "A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"

By W. Russell Flint, R.A.

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THE ORCHID BRIDE: Lady Priscilla Willoughby steps forward to shake hands with the sergeant of the guard of honour following her marriage at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Aird, of the Grenadier Guards. The bride is the younger daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, Lord Great Chamberlain of England

AND THEY CALL IT A LIVERY COMPANY! The Master of the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers bursts into full-throated laughter during the entertainment given at Cordwainers Hall to mark the 500th anniversary of the Cordwainers

A GRACEFUL GESTURE: A guard of honour of district messengers was at Croydon to welcome Lord Gifford when he arrived back in England with his Australian bride. Lord Gifford is managing director of the District Messenger Company

Social

AN OPERATIC FEAST FOR MUSIC-LOVING LONDON

Fifteen Productions in Covent Garden's 1939 Programme

LET us not blind ourselves to the fact that opera in this country does not pay its way. We less fortunate beings owe a great deal to music-lovers who are able and willing to cover possible deficits. Nevertheless, thanks to the almost truculent enthusiasm of Sir Thomas Beecham, last Monday saw a brilliant opening of a new season of seven weeks at Covent Garden, an international season replete with famous singers and conductors.

With proper support it can be turned into a magnificent success, and the King has given it a grand start by taking the Royal box for the season. And thereby lies a story. The Royal box used to be in the grand circle on the right hand side with a slant view on to the stage. This winter the Queen arrived with the two Princesses to see *Little Red Riding Hood*—first pantomime at Covent Garden for many years. For the transformation scenes they moved from the Royal box to one in the centre of the circle. The Queen and Princesses liked this position so much that the box has now been made into the Royal box.

The Royal Arms are being transferred. Unfortunately, owing to the visit to Canada and the United States of America, the King and Queen will not be able to attend regularly, but the box remains in the King's gift and will doubtless be regularly occupied.

For a single night you can have a grand tier box for four people for 10 guineas or, roughly, a tenner for a tenor; or you can vary down, or up, to 3s. 6d. in the gallery; for the whole point of the season is to let every music-lover have a chance to hear and see the very best of opera in this country.

There are people who have gone in for the subscription rates. The highest price for a tier-box is £367 10s. for five nights a week for the whole seven weeks. But the music-lover can get a stall where he will be equally comfortable for seven performances for £2 12s. 6d.

By NOEL THOMPSON

Come with me inside the Opera House at Covent Garden and have a "look-see" at what is happening while rehearsals are going on. Luckily, I have with me a rehearsal sheet. Every part of the huge building is in use. In the orchestra pit is bearded maestro Sir Thomas Beecham, rare phenomenon of a dictator with a sense of humour. He has the full orchestra in rehearsal for *The Bartered Bride (Die Verkaufte Braut)*, seventy-four musicians he has sponsored and trained. This orchestra can be augmented on special occasions to 104, but seventy-four is the normal number.

When this rehearsal is finished, broad-shouldered, smooth-haired Mr. Constant Lambert will take over for *Turandot*. Doubtless, as usual, a lock of hair will fall over his brow and he will shed his coat and waistcoat and, if it is hot, his collar too.

Meanwhile we watch the company in the foyer of the theatre, accompanied by a piano, in an informal rehearsal of *The Bartered Bride*, while the stage is free for scenery rehearsals. At 12.30 p.m. there is a stage call for the flower maidens for *Parsifal*, Act II.

Every inch of space in the vast building seems to be occupied according to a carefully arranged plan. In room one, soloists are going through special training under Constant Lambert, in room two they are preparing for *Parsifal* and *Turandot*. From the chorus room they come to rehearse *Tannhäuser* and *Parsifal* in readiness for Dr. Weingartner, while in the ballet room they have calls for 12.30, 2.15, and the full permanent ballet and extras for 7 p.m. Nobody seems to have a moment to spare, it is as well drilled as an army, "it" being the generic word for the whole corps de ballet, chorus, orchestra, and stars. Famous stars have probably one rehearsal and one dress rehearsal with the full company.

This year there will be fifteen operas on the programme—that is if you count The Ring as four operas—Wagner leading with seven, including The Ring, one Mozart, four Verdi, two Puccini, and one Smetana, *The Bartered Bride*. The last has not been done at Covent Garden since 1907.

But what we want to study is a few of the people who make the season a musical success and enable the members of the capacity audiences at Covent Garden (round about 2,300) to occupy their seats with a sense of enjoyable confidence.

First comes Sir Thomas Beecham, who is always thinking a year ahead, or at any rate at the end of one season he knows what he wants for the following year and has probably approached the artists and found whether they will be available. Working closely with him is Mr. Charles Moor, son of a former Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who manages the production. Tall, thin, in the early sixties, and a shrewd Scotsman, I find him walking about in a white coat, like a cricket umpire. He has been in opera all his life. He studied music in Germany before the war and produced opera there. He also built up the opera in Chicago, but for the last thirteen years he has returned to Covent Garden. He knows all the stars—and the answers.

There is a pleasant and true story which is a tribute to the international spirit of music. Charles Moor was sitting outside an estaminet in Doullens in khaki. The armistice had been signed only a few hours. A telegram was handed him asking whether he would return at once to Germany to produce opera. He tried to get demobilised, reached England, and found there a shipping strike, which prevented him leaving Hull as planned. But he managed to find a small collier which took him across to Germany to produce his opera on time.

Looking after the chorus of between fifty and sixty is Robert Ainsworth. Here it should be explained that the Royal Opera Choir of amateurs is frequently called in, or rather members of the choir are. They may practise for months during the winter in order to be ready for the great opera season. They get the fun of the singing, and the glamour of appearing at Covent Garden, with travelling expenses provided and meal allowances.

(*Continued on page* 238)

GREEN-ROOM CAMEO . . .

CLOUDY CRINOLINE.—A perfect wedding dress for a young and picturesque bride. The tiny bodice and huge puff sleeves are of lace, with white net gauged and set into the curved bands of the crinoline skirt. She carries a prim Victorian nosegay and wears a simple wreath of orange blossom and a short but very full veil which hangs to the waist. This is one of the many exquisite bridal gowns specially made in the Model Gown Department at Debenham and Freebody's

SUMMER BRIDES

ARE HARKING BACK TO CRINOLINES AND BUSTLES, PRIM IN JACKETS OR CAUGHT UP IN DRIFTS OF TULLE

THIS year's brides are carrying the general fashion trend a step farther and are going to the altar looking exactly like story-book heroines of a century ago.

The crinoline is finding many wearers, not only because it is enchantingly pretty in itself, but because it means that there is no train to be arranged and fussed over.

Lace, or lace and tulle, are used for most of them, and the veils are almost always short.

Alternatively there is the Jane Austen type of frock, made of slipper satin or of rustling taffeta, with a basqued jacket looped up about the hips and tremendous fullness concentrated at the back. This is for the girl who habitually looks demure and who can wear a tiny circle of flowers low on her brow.

Jackets are the big news for summer brides. Most of them fit very closely and button down the front, with leg-o'-mutton or long, tight sleeves, and rather high necklines. They look especially lovely when they are worn over classically simple frocks of heavy moire, and when they are worn with what are virtually tiny toques of mixed white flowers with a veil tied high in a bow at the back and falling in cloudy folds to the hem.

Veils of palest blue are summer news. So are satin head-bands cut to a centre point, which is caught back on the crown of the head so that it forms a tiny cap from which flows an enormous veil. And white garden-baskets of flowers instead of a bouquet.

Flower-strewn snoods are charming for bridesmaids, with flower bracelets instead of the more usual sheaves of blossoms. Net gloves with flowers massed on the wrists are another delightful suggestion.

MATCHING BRIDESMAIDS.—A charming idea this year is for the bridesmaids to wear pastel-coloured frocks that are exactly like the bride's except that they have no train. Harrods have designed these dresses so that, without alteration, they can be worn afterwards as evening frocks. The wedding gown is of white slipper satin, the bodice softly gauged above the high waistline. The little bolero is of net, like the overskirt and train, which ties round the waist. Harrods suggest blush pink and periwinkle blue dresses for the bridesmaids, worn with bonnets trimmed with two-coloured veiling

MRS. STEPHEN HAINES ACCUSES CRYSTAL ALLEN OF HAVING TAKEN HER HUSBAND AWAY: Karen Peterson (centre), as the outraged wife, and Claire Carleton (left) in a dramatic episode from *The Women*, the play by Clare Boothe which has caused such a stir at the Lyric Theatre. The two women meet at the costumiers and Mrs. Haines is maddened by the thought that her rival also buys clothes on her husband's account. Beyond the partition the shop assistants are seen listening-in. According to the authoress *The Women* is a satirical play about a "numerically small group of ladies who are native to the Park Avenues of America"

On Stage and Screen

A STRANGE "INTER

By PHILIP PAGE

TO make a successful play out of music or musicians is not an easy matter, largely because it is almost impossible to impress an audience that your musical-genius-hero has any genius about him at all, or, for that matter, any music either. The easiest way out is to take, as it were, a ready-made musician and to write a play, as has frequently been done, about Schubert or Wagner or Beethoven or Liszt or Mozart, and to let each composer supply his own music, thus proving the point without trouble or expense. Even then such plays are rarely successful.

In *Interlude* at the Duke of York's, the author, Mr. Grant Wallace, has gone to Grieg for his music and to his own imagination for his hero, Grieg, not surprisingly, getting the better of it. A pleasant young man, who runs an antique shop in a quiet English town, is fond of music and of playing the Grieg piano concerto when there are no customers about. A young female customer is fond of Grieg and still fonder of the young man, whom she marries and hustles, much against his will, for he would sooner stick to his shop, into becoming a world-famous pianist of whose genius everybody talks.

Now such a situation is altogether false and incredible. If a man has in him the real stuff of which world-famous pianists and musical geniuses are made, a world-famous pianist and musical genius he will simply have to become. He can no more stop himself or let others stop him than a hen can stop laying an egg when she feels that way. In this case, so far from there being any barriers, his wife gave him every encouragement and assistance, and he was approved of enthusiastically by a famous impresario, a sort of local Harold Holt, who went out of his way to help him.

In face of this radical mistake the play could hardly be expected to have much meaning. The subsequent adventures of the married couple went for precious little and consisted of not much more than a quarrel, culminating in the husband's refusal to play at a Queen's Hall concert and his consent to do so at the very last moment (although he told us that he was itching to get back to his antiques then and there) because he really did love his wife. Famous pianists do not itch to mess about with antiques instead of getting on with their job; and if ever one of them did, the artistes' room at a concert hall, with the audience assembling, would not be the time and place he would choose to express that itch and to proceed to act upon it.

Miss Sarah Erskine and Mr. Louis Borell did their best with the odd couple; Mr. Douglas Jefferies showed us a natural and un-stagy parson; and Miss Dora Gregory managed to raise a few laughs as an antique saleswoman in the antique shop.

BUTTERFLY DAINTINESS: A new impression of Margot Fonteyn, one of the brightest of feminine stars in British ballet and for some time past an outstanding figure in productions at Sadler's Wells

Drawn by Percy Home

WAITING IN THE WINGS: An impression of ballet artistes preparing to go on at Sadler's Wells, the famous North London theatre, where so many ambitious productions have been carried through to success of recent years. On the right are Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn whose magnificent interpretations of classic roles have made them great favourites at the Wells. London is to have a feast of ballet during the spring and early summer. The Ballet Rambert is to give a season at the Mercury Theatre; on May 22, the Ballets Joss will start a three weeks' run at the Old Vic; while there is also a prospect that later in the season the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet will once again be in town to delight eager audiences

"Candida."—*Candida* is in the opinion of many people Mr. Bernard Shaw's best play. I would venture to rank it as second only to *Saint Joan*, and as indisputably his best comedy. It is also the best play produced at the Westminster since Ben Jonson's *Volpone* a year or so ago.

The revival is, as might be expected, most intelligently presented. Miss Catharine Lacey is not the best of a long line of Candidae I have seen, but she is fairly high up on the list. I do not think, somehow, that there is a parson's wife in the East End of London in the least like Miss Lacey. On the other hand it is quite on the cards that few of them are like Candida.

The best performance of all was that of Mr. Julian Mitchell as Burgess—the hectoring, greasy opportunist vulgarian to the life. A fine actor Mr. Mitchell and a versatile. A few months ago he was playing Thomas Cromwell in that interesting Tudor play, *Traitor's Gate*. And Mr. Peter Osborn was not far short of the ideal Marchbanks.

One tiny point. The play is dressed, etc., in its original period—1894. Every detail was correct except one. Burgess flops into an armchair and in a moment of unsuspected culture starts to read THE SPHERE'S esteemed, nay, revered, contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*. I will

LUDE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

A Play Based On a False Conception of the Way in Which Genius Would Behave : The Westminster Stages "Candida"

swear that copy was not published in the '90's, for its cover was unmistakably 1939.

"The Little Revue."—Mr. Herbert Farjeon's *Little Revue* is the best I have seen for a very long time, better even than its admirable predecessor. It is not spectacular—the Little Theatre does not admit of spectacle—and it does not, I fancy, pretend to be particularly artistic, though one or two quiet scenes—some girls and a young officer in a boat, for instance, singing an old Irish song in pleasant harmony (which is, of course, what girls and officers invariably do the moment they get on the river)—are effective enough.

Satire and burlesque are the chief points, both being served up in a manner very much to my liking. Mr. Farjeon and his team of writers (for he is not the sole author, though his hand is pleasantly prominent throughout) neither bludgeon roughly the things they wish to ridicule, nor do they approach them in the sometimes rather aggressively high-brow style of those "intimate" revues with a pronounced Chelsea or Bloomsbury flavour. The wit is sophisticated without being highly specialised, and the range of subjects is both wide and wisely selected.

What is more, they have a happy knack of treating anew revue material which I had imagined had been squeezed bone-dry. I wrote in these columns a little while ago that the next time I saw burlesque ballet dancing I would throw things at the performers. I did not want to throw anything at Miss Hermione Baddeley and Mr. Cyril Ritchard doing their Russian ballet skit, except, possibly, large and expensive bouquets. Their "The Creaking Princess" (*The Sleeping Princess*) done by Miss Baddeley, as a tired old dancer who had been a toast of the Tsar's court, with Mr. Cyril Ritchard, wearing white tights and an absurd blonde wig, which made him look rather like Miss Norma Shearer in *Idiot's Delight*, is so funny that I ached and wept with laughter—and this in spite of the fact that to burlesque old age aping youth is not to my mind essentially amusing. There was a deadly dig at Glyndebournites and Glyndebournitis, with Mr. Walter Leigh's wittily Mozartian music as not the least important part of it.

Tchekov drama and a Hamlet who explained the plot in modern slang (the latter has been done far better by an American versifier) were less happy; but Miss Baddeley as a nasty old invalid at the seaside, showing X-ray photographs of her "innards" (uproariously funny, believe it or not), Mr. George Benson, in plus fours, fortifying himself with whisky and soda while he attempts to explain the Facts of Life and Commonsense about Sex to a schoolboy son, are gems indeed. And the "arty-crafty" folk dancers must not be missed.

What Miss Joyce Grenfell has been doing all this time and why she has not been pounced upon before by revue producers (though I do not suggest that she is not quite pleasantly youthful) is something of a mystery. She is a priceless asset to the show, with her seemingly ingenuous lecture on how to make "useful and acceptable gifts" and her delicious portrayal of various types of mothers—all of her own composition. She tacked witty and decorative drapery on this delightful show without in any sense merely giving a version of Ruth.

PLAYWRIGHT WITH A STING: An artist's impression of Clare Boothe, authoress of *The Women*—the sensational play with the rather distasteful theme which has just been presented at the Lyric where it is following up its New York success

Herman Finck. — The death of genial, witty Herman Finck is a sad loss to the musical side of the theatre. For the last few years ill-health had sent him into retirement, but I had hoped to the end that that retirement would be temporary only and that we would see him again at the conductor's desk and, what would have been far more important, hear fresh melodies from his pen.

Finck's compositions embodied all that is best in light music. His muse was a modest one—symphonies and operas he did not essay, though, with his technical efficiency and knack of writing perfect four-part harmony, he could, I am convinced, have written first-rate chamber music. He was, in short, of the school of Arthur Sullivan and Edward German, and much of his work was well up to their standard. And he was wiser than they; for they *did* attempt the bigger stuff and without success. We hear but little to-day of the symphonies of Sullivan and German, and the former's only serious opera was a failure. But I am certain that much of Finck's music will live, though not all, since light music is by its very nature ephemeral.

Finck was always so *clean* in his tunes, so happily melodious, and so free from maudlin sentimentality in music ("blews" and such horrors) which is among the less acceptable importations from America.

As for the man, who was my friend since pre-war days, a jollier, more companionable and more loyal soul than Herman I have never known.

Nelson Keys.—Tragically strange is it that Nelson Keys should have died in the same week as Herman Finck, for it was at the Palace Theatre in the Finck-Wimperis revues of rather more than twenty years ago that both were at their zenith, and it was Keys who sang some of Finck's best tunes—"The Optimist and the Pessimist," "The Four Foot Ten Brigade," etc.

"Bunch" Keys has been referred to as a great comedian. He was not that. He was, in my view, a rather poor comedian, and in his last appearance as the Dame in a Covent Garden pantomime he was, I thought, singularly unfunny. But he was a clever character actor and a superlatively brilliant mimic. It is doubtful whether anyone ever displayed such genius in mimicry, both on and off the stage, as Keys. He just *became* the person he was burlesquing—which is a misnomer, for it was not a burlesque but an uncanny reproduction. He was a little man, but if his subject was very tall it made no difference. In some mysterious fashion he just seemed to become tall himself.

HER WIT AND VERSATILITY contribute largely to the success of *The Gate Revue* which continues to play to packed houses at its new home, the Ambassadors Theatre. A study of Joan Swinsted by her actress-artist sister, Oriel Ross. She is depicted here giving her really brilliant impersonation of a typical Continental diseuse

"Hungarian Melody."—I found myself watching this rather strange revue at the Adelphi in much the same mood one used to watch silent films. As I liked watching silent films, I enjoyed it. There is something restful in an evening with an entertainment not one syllable of which one can understand; for in spite of having spent a fortnight in bed in Budapest, there is hardly a word of Hungarian I know, except the Hungarian for gout.

There was obviously no gout about the youths in this company, for they stamped and stamped and stamped; stage Hungarians seem to spend their whole lives stamping, and will probably take the advice of those mysterious inscriptions one sees in some English shop-windows and die stamping. Village weddings were the main excuse in this show for the stamp-dancing, though one man did a lot of it in a state of pretended intoxication, accompanied by a concertina and a couple of stamping snowmen. The men sang very well indeed and the women sang very much out of tune. Perhaps that is another national custom. Pretty colours, music and vigour make this an acceptable visitation.

"The Flashing Stream" in New York.—Though apparently well received by the audience, the opening performance of Charles Morgan's *The Flashing Stream* in New York did not win the favour of the critics and the play soon came to an end. Too slow for American taste, complex and verbose, and reeking of grease-paint were among the strictures passed upon the piece. It was, however, regarded as fortunate that the leading roles were in such capable hands. There was no want of praise for the sincerity of the acting. Godfrey Tearle, Margaret Rawlings, and Felix Aylmer were among those whose work was the subject of special recognition.

WHERE THEY WON'T WALK

EVERYONE RIDES: Cars streaming down Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. There are fine pavements, but few people seem to use them, and many a doctor shakes his head as he contemplates the decline of the pedestrian

THERE IS NO PAVEMENT on this highway linking two suburbs of Los Angeles. Could there be clearer proof of the way pedestrians are dying out in the golden west?

TRUCK-TOP PERCH: Why walk when there is a roof like this to ride on? say these smiling young Californians

THE PETROL WORLD

THE LATEST CHEVROLET ON TEST

On the Road with the Master de Luxe Saloon —The Last Word in Comfort and Good Looks

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IT is many years since I last drove a Chevrolet, and so when General Motors Limited suggested I should try one of the latest models I jumped at the idea. The Chevrolet car has, of course, been known on the British market for a long time, and my recollection of it made me picture in my mind that when the latest model arrived at my front door I would see a car which undoubtedly would be cheap, would get me from place to place, but would neither be outstandingly good looking nor particularly comfortable. That mental picture was definitely wrong with respect to the last two features.

The particular model I tried was the Master de Luxe Saloon, which sells for £330. There are cheaper cars on the market, but I seriously doubt if there are many others that give such remarkable value for money. The vehicle placed at my disposal was most imposing, and boasted of long sleek lines complete with streamlined body and mud-wings. It was more than comfortable, not only for the driver and the passengers beside him but also for the occupants accommodated in the back seats. I did not ride there myself, but the information was given to me by important representatives of a well-known British-built car. I took them round Brooklands for a lap at a fairish speed and without my asking they both remarked what a comfortable ride they had had in the back of the car.

When I first tried to drive the car I must confess that I thought it would be a long time before I would be able to master the gear-change, which is placed immediately under the steering wheel where it can be actuated by the driver's left hand. I was shown where the various gears were to be found, but after I had allowed the firm's representative to depart and tried to drive the vehicle myself, I was getting into reverse when I wanted first and into top when I wished to go backwards. Suddenly it became easy.

It dawned on me that this gear-change, so far as the position of the different gears was concerned, was nothing more or less than an ordinary gate-change working in a horizontal rather than a vertical plane. Thereafter I never made a mistake, and I changed from gear to gear in an easier manner than if I had an orthodox change to manipulate. The lever is small, very little movement takes place and very little pressure is necessary, due to the fact that a vacuum cylinder does 80 per cent. of the work for the driver.

The engine is a 6-cylinder unit, and I can say that it is the cleanest, so far as the exterior is concerned, that I have ever seen on a car emanating from the other side of the Atlantic. To all intents and purposes it is 30 h.p., so it is quite a large engine. Of course, the body accommodates six people and so there is quite a lot of work to be done in moving the car from place to place. It runs smoothly, is flexible, and will send the speedometer needle up past the 80 m.p.h. mark. Travelling in the car is always smooth and silent at all speeds. I was quite surprised to find that corners could be taken without much slowing down, and there was very little sign of body roll. This desirable feature, as well as that of providing a comfortable ride for the passengers on the rear seats, is no doubt due to the fitting of independent front suspension. The steering was low-geared as compared with British practice, but not unduly so, and was really quite pleasant in operation. The brakes were excellent and were operated on the hydraulic principle.

At the price involved one would scarcely expect to have luxuries showered upon one, but it seemed to me that every possible accessory or fitting that could be provided to increase the comfort of the occupants was to be found on the car. For instance, there are double windscreen wipers, ash-trays galore, adjustable front seat, no-draught ventilation, central arm-rest at the back, dual tail and stop lights, and last, but not least, a spacious built-in luggage compartment into which is fixed the spare wheel. A little refinement which I have not come across before was a spring-loaded lid to the glove compartment on the dashboard.

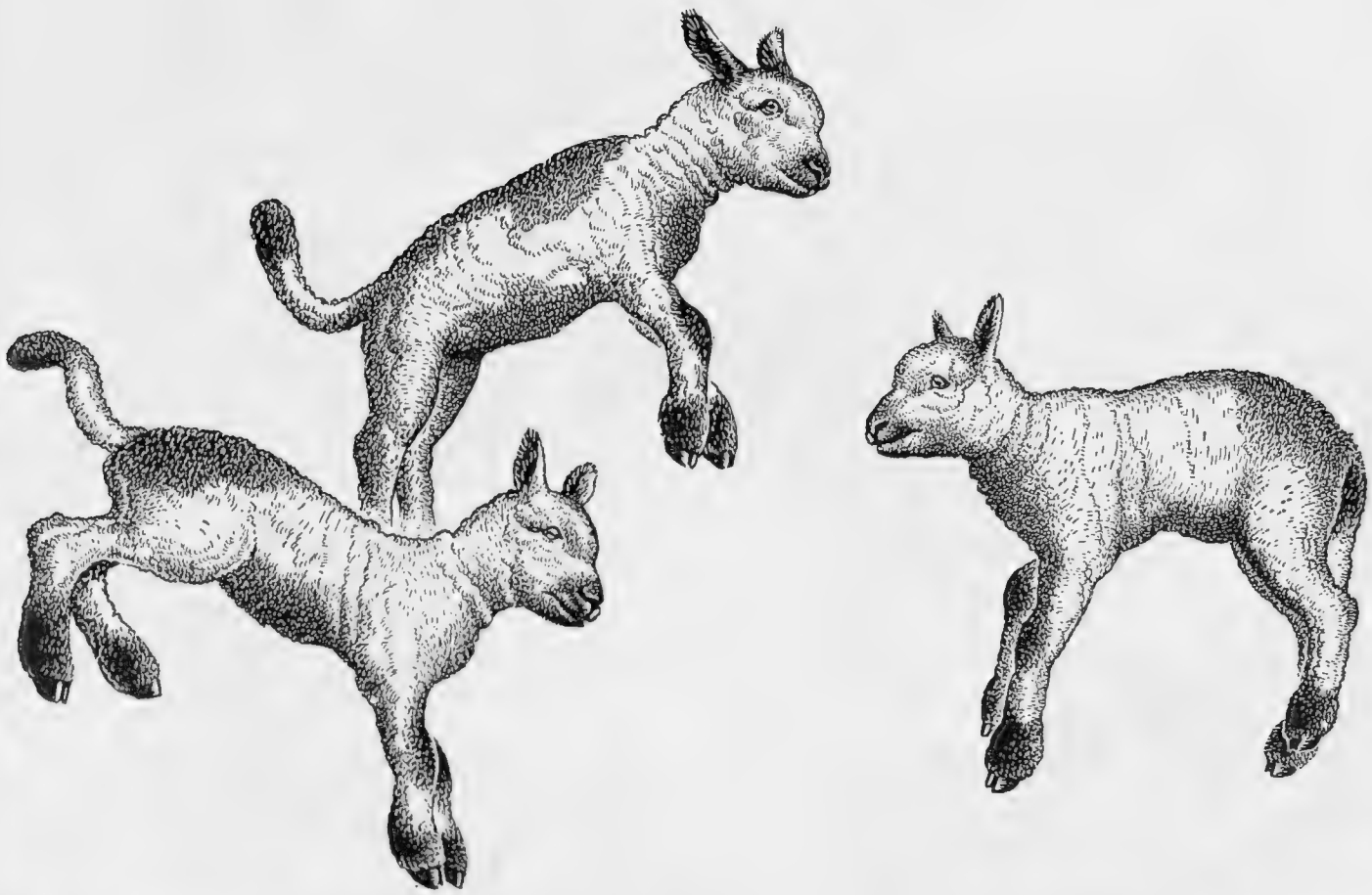
By just pressing a central button this lid or door will fly open, and accommodated in its centre is an easily read electric clock. Mentioning easy read figures reminds me of the speedometer which at first sight I thought was a wireless set. The figures are tremendously big and are arranged in a perfectly straight line, the indicating needle making a circular movement across the face of the figures. I have driven many cars with no-draught ventilators in the front lights, but this Chevrolet was the first car I have ever come across that provided a small bolt which allowed these pivoting panes to be definitely fixed in the closed position. Only a small point perhaps, but one which is not only of extreme use but which indicates the degree of thought on the part of the designer for the comfort of his customers. Certainly I was very impressed with this car, and the more I drove it the more I marvelled as to how it could be sold at the price.

On every car I have owned I have been given an oil pressure gauge complete with indicating needle and appropriate figures. I doubt if one out of a hundred oil-gauges of this description are anywhere near accurate. Not that this matters the slightest to the average driver. After all, he is not the smallest bit interested as to whether the oil pressure is 30 or 300 lbs. to the square inch. If normally the needle indicates 30, then if he is travelling at the same speed on the same gear and the pressure only shows 5 lbs. to the square inch he should become worried.

I rather imagine that the average driver is like myself and very seldom looks at that particular gauge. After all, the failure of the oil pressure in the engine is of infrequent occurrence, and if when the car is perfectly new a careful and constant eye is kept on the gauge and nothing untoward is noticed no one can well be blamed for not paying too much attention thereafter. Actually, a gauge of this description is quite out of place on the average motor car. All I or any other driver wants to know is whether the oil system is functioning correctly or not and so the simpler the device to convey this information the better we drivers would be pleased and the less chance there would be of unexpected damage to our engines. A few manufacturers have realised this state of affairs and have given their customers a device which is nothing more or less than a small, coloured electric light which either goes on or goes out when the oil pressure drops to a dangerous degree. The sudden change from light to darkness or vice-versa can scarcely escape the notice of the average driver.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE FORD RANGE: The Prefect drophead coupé, which sells at the remarkably low figure of £185 complete with leather upholstery. The neat head folds back easily and quickly flush with the body sides

Motor rallies and gymkhanas appear to be becoming more popular. For the past few years Morris Motors Limited have organised a gigantic function of this kind, and this year as in 1938 it will take place at Donington Park, near Derby, on Sunday, June 4. An afternoon or a day spent in participating in a meeting such as this is always enjoyable, and the result is that thousands of Morris owners come from all over the country to join in the sport. This gathering of the clans is not a new feature of the motoring competition world, but it is definitely all to the good of motoring and deserves to be encouraged to the utmost.



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A NOVEL OF THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY:

In "Passport for a Girl" Mary Borden Writes a Fine Story with Contemporary History Providing a Stern Background

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

IT was spring in Vienna, but in that city of song there was no music but the baying and blaring which accompanied the drone of bombing planes and the rumbling of guns and tanks; no laughter but the delirious glee of those who had worked for their country's downfall.

"Schuschnigg had said good-bye to his country on Friday at 7 p.m. Only those of his friends got away who fled when they heard his voice break in the open air in the Opern Platz. 'God save Austria,' he'd said. That was the moment to go." They went. "April Standish, British. Hans Hartmann, Austrian. What had nationality to do with them, they had asked each other? Nothing. They were a man and a girl in love. They had no time to talk about it just now, no heart for love-making at the moment, but that was of no consequence. A couple of waifs? Two pathetic figures trudging off through the dark? Not at all. They were young. Once they were safe in England they would laugh again and kiss again and make love."

Safe in England! Blessed words. But Miss Mary Borden's **PASSPORT FOR A GIRL** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) does not begin on the Austrian frontier, but in a charming Georgian house in Westminster, where April's mother and stepfather had a very good cook and gave nice parties. Hilary had had a distinguished career in the diplomatic service and now held a permanent job at the Foreign Office; Christine had been born into politics and, of course, had the right touch with the right people.

The two lovers, Hans and April, looked to England for safety, and April, at least, had a right to all the stability that privilege and position could give her. *Civis Britannicus Sum*, but who is going to help you if your lover is a half-Jewish Austrian refugee whom the Gestapo has tracked to London, threatening his loved ones in Vienna? What can be done in the heart of a great Empire with the shadow of Munich looming nearer and nearer?

Nothing for it but that Hans must return to Vienna in a desperate attempt to save his beloved mother, too late to prevent her horrible death and for him concentration in Dachau.

You would have thought that something could be done. The boy was harmless enough, worked at nothing more sinister than the reporting of boxing matches, but Christine didn't quite approve—Jewish, a refugee, and all that. She knew everybody; members of the Government, newspaper proprietors, financiers; Hilary was important enough at the Foreign Office, and hadn't she even conducted a mild flirtation with Fritz von Taublitz?

"What is Fritz von Taublitz's job, Hilary, do you know?"

"But, my dear," he looked up from his harassing papers with weary surprise, "you've told me yourself so often. Personal friend of the Führer, confidential mission, all that."

It took her daughter's broken-hearted despair to bring Christine to a point where she could get von Taublitz properly into focus. And then it was too late, just as it was too late for a thousand other muddled-headed, bewildered people of her kind. Nor could Hilary help, for he was as impotent as any one of those who had been right ("one of the old pro-French contingent").

April (for the story is hers) has to do the job alone, with nothing but her youthful love and courage to sustain her. Miss Borden has skill and courage enough eventually to bring them to haven where they can make a life together.

It may be that we have been too close to the realities of this story to read it without a catching of the breath. The boy and the girl in love are but a symbol of all that has been battered and crushed in the nightmare we have lived through. *Passport for a Girl* is a piece of social history etched in frustration, humiliation, panic, and its attendant misery for those whose lives are shattered while drawing-room tongues clatter under the umbrella of *sauve qui peut*.

What the crisis-hunting foreign correspondents have done for Europe, Miss Mary Borden has done for England, and done with infinitely more power and skill. We all know what happened on the Danube: this is what happened on the Thames. I am not informed that this novel has been "chosen" by any club, and it may not be a best-seller, for truth is not a palatable contemporary dish. Yet I challenge any critic to deny that it has all the classic qualities of greatness, in technique, in writing, in substance, and in fact.

Mr. Frederick Niven's new novel **THE STORY OF THEIR DAYS** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) opens in the year 1896, on a bright, but blustery, Saturday morning in March in a little Scottish town. It is a family story, forty-odd years of the life of the Maitland family up to the present day.

There is nothing extraordinary or outstanding about these people, who are ordinary folk, no better and no worse than any middle class family living in such a place at such a time; yet from the moment when John Maitland walks along High Street to pay a visit to his Great Aunt Janet Porteous we are completely absorbed in them. We know them, we understand them—the father, who was works manager, but more pliable in his life and thought than most men of his class in that day; his wife, the daughter of a minister, with all the instincts for repression, combined with an earnest desire to be a good wife and a good mother; the daughter Ann, who might have been an artist, and who might have married an artist but for the unfortunate escapade of a too-well-beloved elder brother, Fraser; John Maitland, the one member of the family who can remain steadfast through it all.

Nothing much happens in this quiet story after the first shock of Fraser's moral defalcation; and it jogs along quietly until the present day, when the prodigal returns, too late, alas, to change the direction of lives which he so seriously disrupted many years before.

Mr. Frederick Niven has the gift of being able to make the reader interested in this family by his ability not only to create the members of it as living beings, but to make their small problems of sufficient interest to compel the reader's undivided attention. There are few writers who can so convincingly portray the intimacies of family life and at the same time keep the picture within the range of the reader's own experience, and few indeed who can achieve the grace of style in which dialogue runs smoothly with dialect and the prose has a distinction of its own.

A thriller with entertainment value, a good story full of pace, character, action, and humour and at the same time with enough finesse to keep even the most hardened solutionist guessing, is Miss Josephine Bell's **DEATH AT HALF-TERM** (Longmans. 7s. 6d.).

The Saturday cricket match is the half-term event at Denbury Preparatory School; preceded on the Friday night by a performance of *Twelfth Night* by a touring company.

During the play one of the actors is murdered, and, in the game of detection, masters, matrons, and parents take a hand to assist and unassist the famous Dr. Wintringham and his Inspector friend.

The boys naturally create a good deal of diversion and fun by their sleuthing efforts (in which the cricket inevitably suffers) and the action is further enlightened by the affairs of a master and a young assistant matron as well as an elderly actress and a juvenile lead.

Yet Miss Bell never once deviates from the true and baffling purpose of the thriller, and her plot is as reasonable as it is ingenious.

Someone once said that a suitable epitaph on this generation of Englishmen would be that they inherited a land of beauty and left it a land of beauty spots. With that, I feel sure, Mr. H. J. Massingham, author of **A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL** (Chapman and Hall. 5s.) would agree. Such a book, packed full of that wisdom which springs from a personal and interpretive affection for the English soil and a deep knowledge of its history, topography and folk-lore has a special appeal for the nostalgic townsman and an even more special claim on the affections of a true countryman.

Mr. Massingham, using the easy grace of the essay form, touches the countryside from many angles, mostly happy, but some yielding sad reflection.

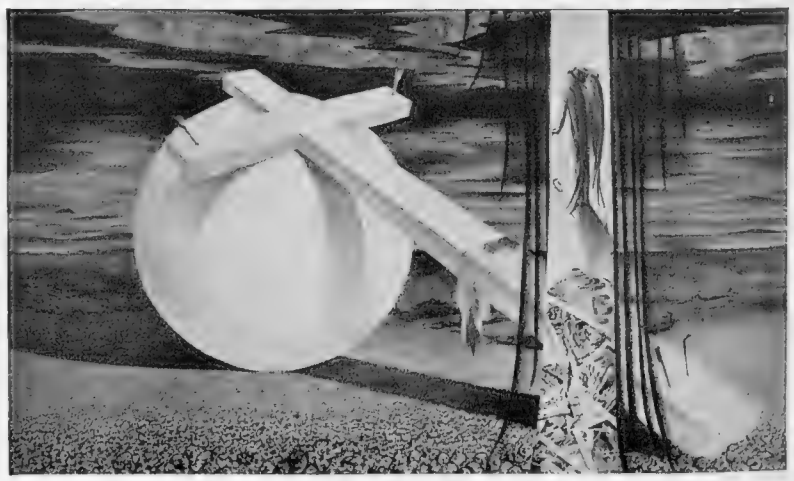
"Our poor country! Hardly a day passes but some new indignity to its spirit, some fresh wound to its scarred body, come to my ears. Yet how could it be otherwise? . . . There are two Englands, and the one lies prostrate under the heel of the other, its drudge, and its means of enjoyment. Yet the oppressor, at last aware that the town in the long run depends upon the country, talks of putting the country on its feet again. Then let him take his heel off the neck of our immemorial own native land!"

Not that Mr. Massingham often yields to what he calls "these distressing accents" of indignation; his touch seldom varies from reflection, interpretation and anecdote. More effective, for instance, than a lament for dying dialect or a castigation of standardised speech is a piece entitled "Folk-Poetry."

You should not fail to read this and it is only one of forty-one reasons (there being that number of essays) why this book goes into a special place for re-reading.

BOOKS RECEIVED

APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY.—I MARRIED A VAGABOND. By Rachael Latta Franck. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. BOOK CLUB.—MY SON, MY SON! By Howard Spring. 2s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—PINK FACES. By Betty Inskip. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO. By Rachael Field. 8s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR. By Sally Benson. 7s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—INNER LANDSCAPE: Poems. By May Sarton. 5s. SEVERAL OBSERVATIONS: Poems. By Geoffrey Grigson. 5s. REACHING FOR THE STARS. By Nora Waln. 8s. 6d. THE PRESENT AGE FROM 1914. By Edwin Muir 6s. DENT.—ELGAR. By W. H. Reed. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—THREE MEN TRIED. . . Austen Chamberlain, Stresemann, Briand and Their Fight for a New Europe. By Edgar Stern-Rubarth. 12s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—RAILWAYS, ROADS AND THE PUBLIC. By Charles Stuart-Williams and Ernest Short. 6s. FABER & FABER.—MEXICAN MOSAIC. By Rodney Gallop. Illustrated. 15s. HALDANE 1915-1928. By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. Illustrated. 18s. LIFE'S A PUDDING. By Guy Nickalls. Illustrated. 15s. SOUTH OF THE CLOUDS: A Winter Ride through Yun-nan. By Gerald Reitlinger. Illustrated. 15s. GOLLANCZ.—THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT. By R. C. Sherriff. 7s. 6d. MY YEARS IN GERMANY. By Martha Dodd. 10s. 6d. ACT NOW! An Appeal to the Mind and Heart of Britain. By the Dean of Canterbury. 2d. ROBERT HALE.—WE MARRIED AN ENGLISHMAN. Written and Illustrated by Ruth and Helen Hoffman. 12s. 6d. MR. MOTO IS SO SORRY. By John P. Marquand. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—ADDRESS UNKNOWN. By Kressmann Taylor. 2s. 6d. HOW TO RAISE A DOG: In the City and in the Suburbs. By James R. Kinney and Ann Honeycutt. Illustrated. 6s. HARRIS OF JAPAN. By Carl Crow. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HARRAP.—THE FORBIDDEN GROUND. By Neil H. Swanson. 8s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—AMAZING MONUMENT: A Short History of the Shakespeare Industry. By Ivor Brown and George Fearon. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.



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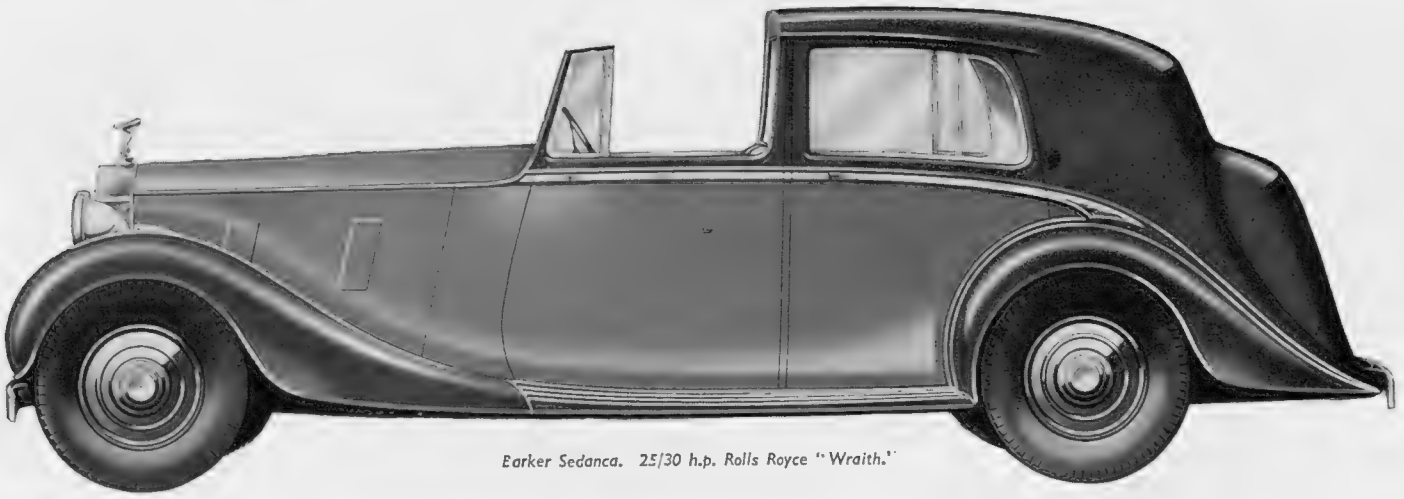

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PARACHUTE NURSES OF FRANCE (Continued from page 219)

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Winifred Boulter

PROSPEROUS DENMARK GOES ABOUT ITS BUSINESS (Continued from page 222)

she can, and does, spend her money on social progress. Copenhagen is unlike many European capitals in the sense that this city is a true mirror of the country. Paris may not be France any more than London is England, but the well-washed look that Copenhagen wears is the correct reflection of Denmark. The Dane is a good trencherman, whether he be townsman or from the country-side he believes in good eating and hearty drinking. Good beer in winter or in summer, good light beer and little glasses of aquavit which light many lamps within one's internal economy, little lamps which glow well when the winter fog comes drifting in from the grey, heaving Baltic.

The Copenhager takes his pleasures gladly. He has his theatres, his opera, his cinemas and his cabarets, where lassies from Lancashire figure in the same programme as muscle-bound acrobats from the land of the swastika. All classes meet and smoke and talk and listen to the music, or row on the lake, or look at the ballet through periscopes if they cannot find seats in the enclosure, in the Tivoli Gardens, next door to the restaurant which I think challenges comparison with any other. In Copenhagen it is not difficult to find a Dane who speaks English; French may be the language of diplomacy, but English is the second language of every educated Dane, and in our own language we may this day discuss in Copenhagen our own fears for the future, and take stock of a country with a population of nearly 4,000,000, but with an area of 17,144 square miles, less than a quarter of the size of England, Scotland and Wales, yet with a coastline that, taking the islands into account, is as long as the coastline of France.

There you have the question of Denmark's situation, perilous or not, as you will. A population which is approximately half the size of the population of Greater London, a coastline which could be defended only by a big navy, far beyond the power of Denmark, and an army of 100,000. Yet, when the Danes heard over the wireless or read in their newspapers what Mr. Chamberlain said in the House of Commons about bringing Denmark in under the Franco-British umbrella, they shook their heads and said: "We prefer to defend ourselves." Amazing. Impossible, perhaps, but nevertheless amazing.

Denmark went to the poll the other day, and on a universal suffrage basis for voters of twenty-three years of age and over, 2·2 per cent. of the total population of Denmark voted; 30,000 votes were cast in favour of the Danish Nazi Party, which is, of course, closely affiliated with the same party in the land of the swastika. In various foreign countries this vote was regarded as a dangerous one, but the comment made to me by a Danish official with a knowledge of both home and foreign politics was: "30,000 votes too many; that's all."

Over the frontier they may be digging trenches and they may be employing teams of Czechs to dig subterranean hangars for aeroplanes, and they most certainly are threatening firms dealing with the land of the swastika that unless all Jews employed by these firms are dismissed, business will be transferred elsewhere. The number of Jews in Denmark is negligible but those who are Danish citizens are respected.

Certainly I was surprised when I was asked for the first time whether the reports were true that, in the event of an international conflict, Great Britain intended to land troops in Denmark and use Danish seaports as naval bases. I heard this again and again. I honestly do not believe that this rumour is in any way concerned with propaganda from across the border. I believe it is a story started among the Danes themselves, an echo from the world war, a memory from the distant past, when Admiral Lord Nelson sailed in and bombarded Copenhagen. A church with a broken spire is to-day the visual memory of that bombardment. If Denmark has any real fear, it is that Great Britain might step in, and, if she did, of course, there would come a ruthless invasion from across the border. If a statement from an authoritative British source could be made now, Danish fears would be calmed.

Neutrality, neutrality, neutrality it echoes all through my conversations. "No," I say, "I am sure you will never be dragged into war by Great Britain, but don't you feel that Denmark, because of its rich pasture lands and its highly organised agricultural industry, may be a magnet for the landsmen of the swastika; don't you feel that one day there may come the urge to 'rescue' the brethren in Sleswig, the district that came to you in the post-war plebiscite, don't you feel that?"

The Danes shake their heads. They, some of them, call attention to a certain paragraph in Ludendorff's memoirs, a paragraph from which they draw comfort. Ludendorff wrote that Germany could not spare a battalion to attack Denmark. But, I point out, supposing that over there they have decided to cast off the dictums of Ludendorff, and decide that two fine birds may be killed with one stone: Britain's breakfast table might be robbed of its bacon and eggs, and the empty larders in the land of the swastika filled—what then? The Danes shake their heads; we shall be neutral they say; we shall defend ourselves.

AN OPERATIC FEAST FOR MUSIC-LOVING LONDON (Continued from page 230)

Robert Ainsworth is quite young, and like so many good musicians, a Lancastrian. In 1937, Coronation year, Sir Thomas rewarded him for the hard "behind the scenes" work he had put in by handing him the baton for a performance of *Carmen*, which he conducted in a way which demonstrated his high musical qualities.

So much for the production, the voices, and the music. Now for a story, which is new to me, about Dr. Felix Weingartner, the famous conductor, who in the first two weeks will be conducting *Parsifal* and *Tannhäuser*. He is seventy-six, and was present at the first performance of *Parsifal* in 1882. Wagner on that occasion told him how *Parsifal* and *Tannhäuser* should be conducted.

I must not forget David McCallum, orchestra leader now for over two years, slow of speech but lightning-fingered, nor Charles Barrand who, starting as an assistant in the box office, has been present at all the greatest nights of the last thirty-four years and a few weeks ago was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

As I walk out, my brain humming with tunes from half a dozen operas, I meet Eva Turner, the Lancashire opera star. She tells me that she travelled back from America with Gracie Fields, and naturally they exchanged Lancashire stories. I mentioned that Melba had once picked on Gracie in Paris, when Gracie was about nineteen, and told her that she had the voice to be trained into a great opera star.

"She has the voice right enough" said Eva, "but perhaps she chose her career well."

And perhaps this remark epitomises opera in this country.

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SPAIN, NORTHERN AFRICA, AND THE AXIS? (Continued from page 214)

could never land sufficient forces to attack us from Gibraltar. On the contrary, there is every chance of our being able to rush Gibraltar. And of our being able to transport, in any case, the necessary troops, equipment and munitions to wage a war against France, from our zone in Morocco, with the support of our Moors home victorious from Spain. And what an aid that could be to Mussolini, attacking Tunis! We might cut the vital Casablanca-Tunis railway and road system that run quite close by our zone, through Oudja to Oran.

"As for the nuisance value we and our allies could be, operating aerially and otherwise from the Canaries and Fernando Po, to say nothing of Ifni and the Rio de Oro and Spanish Guinea, rather could we be a decisive influence against those fleets attempting to carry out a long-distance blockade of the Mediterranean, from out in the Atlantic."

Italy and Germany are cut to press this second vision.

Yet a further card that the Axis would play has to do with Tangier which is about to have a Spanish chief administrator, at the head of the International Governing Commission, after no less than fifteen consecutive years with this key post in the hands of a Frenchman. Nothing should be less surprising than an active pro-Fascism in the International Zone, with Spain, Italy, and perhaps others on the Commission, pressing for a readmission of Germany after her being almost twenty-five years out in the cold. The presence of the German Fleet in Tangier harbour will be of use in underlining this new claim.

Nelson said that Tangier should either be neutralised or in British hands. It will require the greatest degree of vigilance, not least on the part of H.B.M.'s representative, Mr. Keeling, to keep our end up in immediate times ahead. Within a week of the Franco victory local youth and beauty were figuring as keepers of public order (outside the Spanish Church), attired in the recognised red and black of Navarre, while, as for the Fascist salute, one beheld it in every second restaurant and café. The Nationalists are right round Tangier, and could converge from Larache, Alcazarquivir, Tetuan, and Ceuta.

Not to be overlooked is the fact of Franco having a Moroccan past: here he first rose from obscurity, and it was from this coast that he pulled himself up, almost by his own boot-straps, in the crucial opening days after July 18, 1936.

What the democracies achieve elsewhere should have a profound effect on what Franco does in these waters of destiny, that extend in most directions from Gibraltar and right down to Spanish Guinea via Spanish Morocco, Ifni, Rio de Oro, the Canaries, and Fernando Po (which we several times offered to buy). As constituting the take-off for dreamed-of empire in South America, this string of Franco possessions, whose area is 120,000 sq. miles (two-thirds that of Spain) and population just short of the million, will certainly be better known to the German Fleet a few weeks hence than they are to-day. A great deal may depend on how quickly and efficaciously they are put into a state of defence, naval and aerial.

Can we square Franco? Frankly, how? He is far more likely to be influenced by the strength and purpose of the democracies than by any other consideration; and if one day he turns from us in anti-Comintern hostility because we contrive to get Russia fighting at least aerially with us, the next, he may as likely as not be influenced towards a wise lying doggo by the United States signifying their intention to do more than recast the Neutrality Act. Franco would hate the Americans round Gibraltar—parts of the Atlantic Fleet, I mean.

Another factor that is certain to weigh heavily with the Caudillo has to do with the French fighting potential in North Africa. Franco has good reason to respect it, from memories of the Riff campaign that Pétain in the end conducted for the Spain of Alfonso. The French Army of North Africa may not at present be great in numbers—some 160,000, capable of being raised to 400,000—but it is a hardened and expert body. Where the Franquist Intelligence Service may be expected to function most importantly should have to do with whether or not the Arabs, and natives, generally, of North Africa, will fight for the French, or, rather, against Fascism, now that these many millions of Muslims have begun to see through Fascist propaganda, to appreciate such acts of their self-styled "Protector" as the cruel serfdom of parts of Libya and Ethiopia, and the extinction of Albania, Europe's last Muslim state.

ALL EYES ARE ON BALKAN EUROPE (Continued from page 220)

Macedonians to free Macedonia from the Turks; but the Bulgarians, basing their claims upon a clever propaganda, wished themselves to annex Macedonia—which, however, became part of Yugoslavia.

After the world war, therefore, the Bulgarian Army High Command skilfully gained control of this Macedonian revolutionary organisation; its leaders were assassinated and the assassins took their places. These assassins had a twofold function. First, by outrages in Yugoslavia to cause perpetual friction between that country and Bulgaria so that the Bulgarians should never forget their claims to Macedonia nor come to terms with Yugoslavia—for that would strengthen Yugoslavia against Italy; and secondly, to terrorise or murder all liberal-minded Bulgarians who wished to drop exaggerated territorial ambitions which Italy and Germany might exploit one day. Behind the Bulgarian High Command stood King Boris; his father, King Ferdinand, still lives in Germany upon a German pension, while his wife is a daughter of the King of Italy.

In 1934 the Bulgarian army, led by the retired Colonel Veltchev, overthrew its Italophile army chiefs—to the immense relief of the people—and established a government which intended to take its cue in foreign policy from Great Britain and France. But royal intrigue, strongly backed by the Italian Legation in Sofia, led to the downfall of this government and in 1935 King Boris became dictator. Meantime Italy and Germany had come to an understanding and had elaborated plans, and Italian apprehension of Yugoslavia was allayed accordingly. So General Göring came immediately to Sofia—he had planned to come in 1934 but the military coup had postponed his visit—and held secret conversations with King Boris. The results were soon clear. Bulgaria became the spear-head of the Axis Powers in the near east. But so that she could fulfil this role Germany and Italy had to arrange direct contact with her, and Yugoslavia lay between them.

Accordingly, King Boris and his clique of chauvinists called off all agitation against Yugoslavia and dropped their claim to Macedonia, while the Bulgarian people—who have no wish for warlike adventures—were muzzled by one of the most drastic censorships in Europe. The death of King Alexander, a change of government in Yugoslavia, and friendly declarations by Mussolini had prepared the way for a reshuffle. In January, 1937, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia signed a pact of friendship and swore perpetual amity; and two months later Italy concluded with Yugoslavia a similar treaty.

But though Bulgaria was firmly committed to the Axis Powers (her assurances of neutrality are of no greater value than those she gave in 1915), Yugoslavia was bound by treaties with Rumania, Greece, and Turkey. She had to be coerced and cajoled into the Axis bloc. The pressure is now being applied—by Italy through Albania, and by Germany through Austria. The bait is, no doubt, Salonika, at which Yugoslavia has always cast envious eyes. But if she surrenders to the importunities of the Axis partners she will preserve her integrity and independence for so long only as she does their bidding. J. Swire

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When the Stately Gardens of Public : A Round of Visiting and

I HAVE just obtained possession of a fascinating little book entitled *The Gardens of England and Wales*, which is published by the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, and comprises a list of the gardens of the stately homes of England which are thrown open to the public at different times during the summer on payment of a nominal charge which benefits the Institute.

Perhaps you are not a garden-lover. In that case, you may as well read no farther. But if you are one, you may think that it is unnecessary to take a holiday to see gardens—at any rate in the neighbourhood of London. What is wrong with running down on Sunday afternoon to Sussex, say, or Hampshire, and taking tea in one of these lovely gardens and returning to London? Nothing at all, if it is the best you can do. But a garden, to be appreciated, must be seen not at a time when you are tired, but in the cool of the morning, after a good night in surroundings inducing the appropriate mood.

Here then are some brief suggestions as to hotels where an unusual holiday can well be enjoyed. As might be expected, Sussex is a county which is full of gardens, and there are a surprising number in east Sussex, near Ashdown Forest and the Kentish border. The Crest Hotel at Crowborough immediately leaps to mind, and particularly appropriately, as this is an hotel which itself possesses a pleasant country house garden, and a situation which should bring joy to lovers of unspoiled countryside.

From Crowborough, you are within easy reach of Sheffield Park, near Uckfield, a garden of great horticultural interest which is particularly notable for some fine trees ; or East Grinstead, in the neighbourhood of which are a number of gardens open to the public ; or Fairwarp, in Ashdown Forest, a charming unspoiled village where Sir Bernard Eckstein's gardens at Oldlands Hall will delight the eye and tease the imagination of the expert gardener.

I have mentioned three places that can be reached from the Crest, but, of course, the list is almost limitless. East Sussex and west Kent are bright with colour from cottage and country house gardens. And whether your choice is the Sussex side of the border or whether you prefer to stay in Kent—perhaps at the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells—you will find that a week of garden visiting can be accomplished easily and in the right frame of mind.

Incidentally, it is noticeable, in examining the list of gardens, how many of them are open in the middle of the week as well as at week-ends. Do not think that if you dislike the roads in Kent, Surrey and Sussex at week-ends

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you are debarred from visiting these gardens. A very great many are open on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

My attention is particularly attracted to a number of beautiful gardens in Surrey, which lie in the shelter of the North Downs. Surrey is a curious county—or at least the part of it which lies between Epsom and Bagshot. For while the land is so barren that no agricultural life exists, it seems to be prolific of flowers, both wild and cultivated. There are numerous good hotels in this neighbourhood.

An attractive idea is to stay at Oatlands Park Hotel, at Weybridge, for not only does Oatlands possess a most delightful park itself (you should have seen it three weeks ago when the daffodils were out) but there are in Weybridge no less than three gardens of exceptional interest which can be visited. Outside Weybridge itself, but in the same neighbourhood, are gardens at Sunningdale, Chobham, Wentworth, Guildford, Bramley — and doubtless many others which I have missed or never heard of.

But once over to Guildford and Bramley and we are outside the immediate range of Weybridge and entering upon another belt of garden country which in its own way is as prolific. For this, Hindhead would perhaps be the best headquarters —Hindhead and its choice of good hotels.

From Hindhead it is but a few miles to Churt, with Mr. Lloyd George's famous estate there which is called Bron-y-de. At Haslemere, Hindhead's next-door neighbour and companion in fame is Frensham Hall, whose gardens, of no special scientific interest but particularly delightful to the eye, are thrown open to the public by the courtesy of the dowager Countess of Cawdor. And, in addition to these, Guildford, Bramley, and the rest of Surrey are within a few minutes' car drive.

But enough! There is the idea, and to do more than select at random these few places as an example would take a full length book rather than a brief article. Each person will have his own favourite part of the world and his own favourite hotels. Perhaps the opportunity to visit these historic gardens, and in some cases the houses which they surround, may offer just the stimulus to take a holiday in May. And holidays in May are worth while—gardens or no gardens!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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(*Continued on next page*)

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All information from Continental Departments, VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes); or any Station, Office or Agency of the Great Western; London Midland & Scottish; London & North Eastern or Southern Railways.

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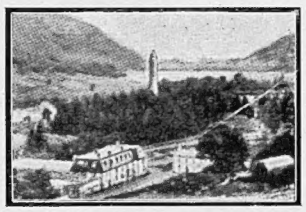
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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

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FRANCE.

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Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 21.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 812.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gauntown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Castle Hotel, Glendevon.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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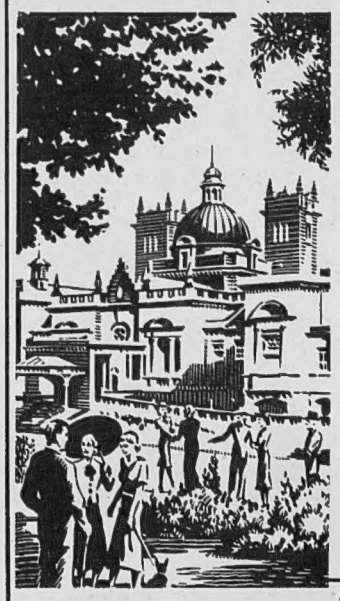

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This delightful dog study appeared in THE SKETCH of July 27, 1938

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